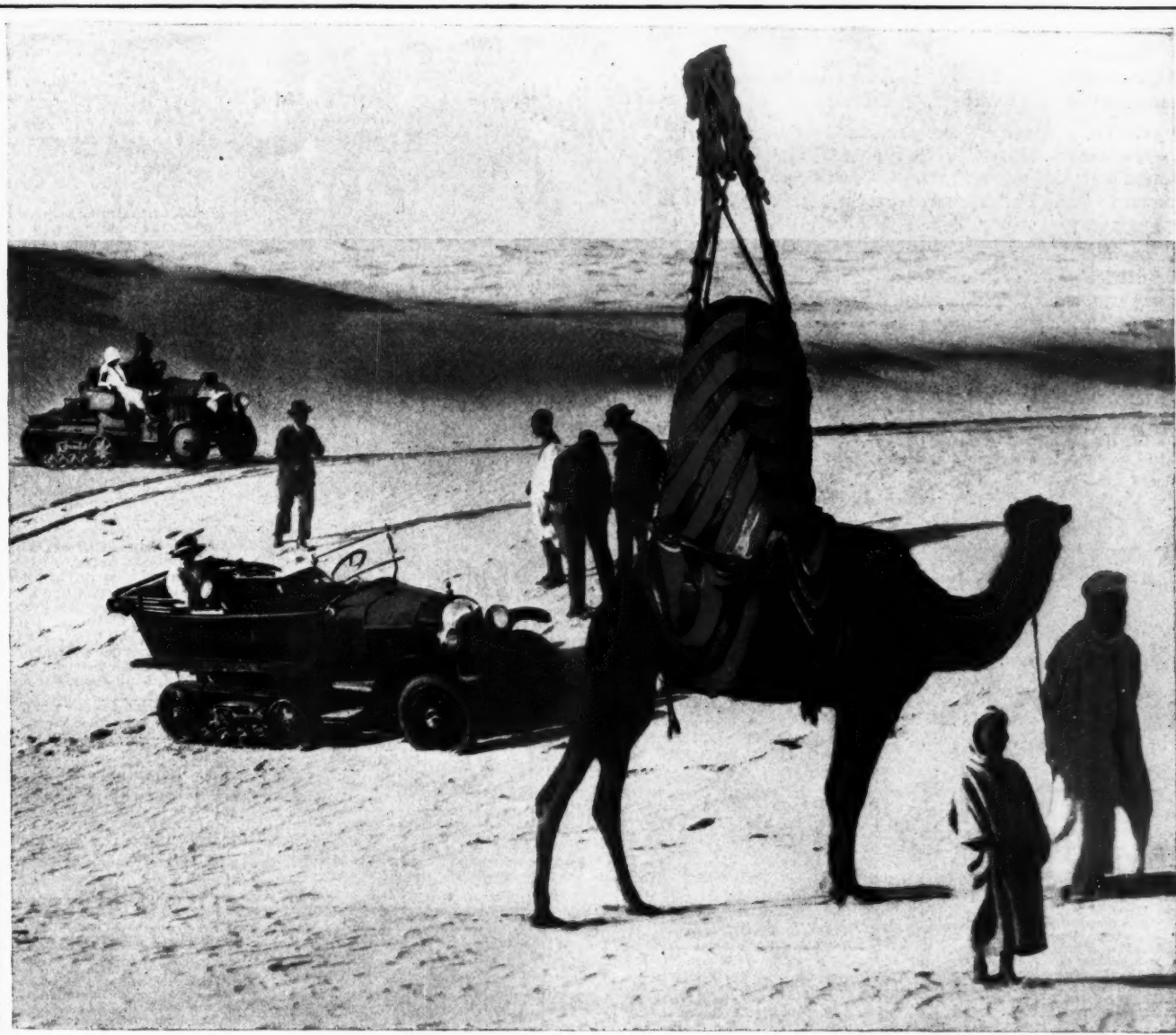


YOUTH'S COMPANION



Photograph from Ewing Galloway

SHIPS OF THE DESERT—THE NEW AND THE OLD

Desert camels go 25 miles a day with loads of over 500 pounds, drinking every fourth day. Although the caterpillar-equipped cars go faster, their radiators may need replenishment more frequently.

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Big League Mitts and Gloves

Designed by Babe Ruth
for the stars of tomorrow

FELLOWS, here are regular Big League Mitts and Gloves, built especially for you. Designed by Babe Ruth, with his signature on every glove. Made by Reach, the most famous athletic goods house in America. And sold to you at prices well below their actual values.

Specially priced because Reach has determined to give American boys a new value in regular Big League Gloves. Real, regulation horsehide gloves that any diamond star would be proud to flash. Far different from the cheap, flimsy "boys" gloves you so often see.

Reach, through long years of experience, has learned how to build catching quality into a glove, so that when a ball hits the glove, it sticks in it. And all Reach gloves are formed to fit the hand perfectly.

One of these Babe Ruth Home Run Specials will improve your game. It will back you to the limit, give you

Made
by
REACH

new confidence, and help you play better, faster ball.

These Big League gloves are priced so low that there is no need to make some old makeshift glove do for this season. Some of the models of the Babe Ruth Home Run specials are described below. Look over these marvelous gloves! And decide on the one you want!



The BABE RUTH Home Run Specials at unusually low prices



A roaring liner to deep center. Snatch it if you can - and you CAN, with a glove that's built to take 'em. This one is!

RF2 Made of oak brown grain horsehide leather. Lined and seamed in snappy yellow leather, with tan leather lacing all around the wrist. Special web between thumb and forefinger. And hand-formed pocket, built up with the finest felt. This glove is only \$3.50. For a Big League glove, the finest value ever offered.



Right off the bat. Zip! Into the dirt at the 1st base bag. Mitt—dig it out. This Big League mitt will

RB1 Skillfully built of rich, golden brown, grain horsehide. Gray leather binding with brown leather lacing around the entire edge, and at thumb. This permits you to form any kind of a pocket you want. Thumb is of special construction, for strength and comfort. Heel is scientifically padded with asbestos and extra quality felt. \$5.00 for this mitt—a price you can't even equal.



A wild pitch! Leap high, catcher. Spear it if you can. But, when you do get your fingers on it—will the ball stick? Yes, with the kind of a mitt that makes 'em stick—like this one.

RC2 Made of oak brown horsehide leather. Leather laced throughout. Extra heavy felt and asbestos padding. Double rows of stitching. Built to fit the hand perfectly, by men who know their baseball. At \$5.00, a splendid saving over its regular Big League value.

How to get these Big League Gloves

Your sporting goods dealer probably has the Babe Ruth Home Run Specials. Drop in and look over all the models of these great gloves. When you see them, you'll want one more than ever.

If you can't locate the store carrying the Home Run Specials, clip out the coupon and mail it to us. Just name the glove you want by its letter and number. You needn't send any money. You can pay the mail man when he brings you your Big League model of the Babe Ruth Home Run Specials.

Fellows, these gloves are priced well below their actual Big League values. This is your opportunity to get a glove similar to the ones the stars use. And it will help you to become a star yourself. Just send in the coupon.

A. J. REACH, WRIGHT & DITSON, INC.
P. O. Box 61, City Hall Station, New York City.

Y. C.—6-2-27

Please send me, postage free, Mitt Model (put in number and letter shown in picture). I will pay the postman on delivery. If I do not like the glove, it is understood I can return it within 5 days, and my money will be refunded, without any questions asked.

Name..... Street.....
Town..... State.....

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"My Son and I"

(Prize-winning Letters in the Family Contest)

LETTERS in this division of the contest are from mothers about their sons. There is no more sacred and wonderful relation in the world than the simple, true devotion between a mother and her son. In judging these letters, the editors decided unanimously to award the prize to Mrs. Emma Briggs, of Painesville, Ohio, and we believe that everyone who reads this tribute will share the admiration in which we hold it. The letter speaks for itself:

Painesville, Ohio

They are all gone now, the four happy children. Healthy and full of life they were, and running over with noise.

The dear little home near the lake with the shadowy "creek" at the foot of the bank in back, where the children waded and fished and the gentle red cow meditated knee-deep in the cooling water! Well do I remember the look of astonished unbelief on the face of a friend as she asked, "Is that the way you feel about it?" when she heard me call that little haven "heaven."

After they, the children, were all gone I did not have the courage to stay longer in my "heaven."

Two have left for homes of their own. Two, the youngest, have gone on their last long journey. The World's War claimed them both. One was left "Over There" beneath a white cross, while the other, who seemed almost a part of him, so near they always were to each other, came home to linger a short time. This one lies in the cemetery at home.

"The joy of my life," I used to call those two younger ones.

When he, that one who lies "Over There," bade me good-by as he left for camp he said, "Ma, I will bring back the Kaiser's head for you." "Just his scalp!" I laughed.

Thus with a joke, a smile and a jolly word we parted.

I can think of nothing better to illustrate the bond of understanding and sympathy between my loved son and me than copying a part of one of his dear letters written from the front.

I had written him, "I am always with you and will be by your side when you march into Berlin."

Somewhere in France, Sept. 6, 1918

Dear Ma: I received your lovely letter. It is the first American E. F. letter I have had from home. I was certainly surprised to hear that brother was over here. . . . We had three days of rain, also shells, but no one of our outfit drowned or hurt. . . . Say, Ma, it made the tears come to my eyes when I read your letter. I know you are always with me. There is not a day goes by but what I see you. I even had a dream about you the other night. I thought I was hurt, and when I woke up you were the first one I saw; but when I really did awaken I was rolled up in my blankets all alone in my little pup tent.

Honorable Mention is given for letters of great merit to Mrs. Walter H. Braley, Elmhurst Farm, Hebron, N. H.; Mrs. J. Y. McClellan, Coachella, Calif.; Mrs. Lucy W. Newman, 3939 Denker Ave., Los Angeles, Calif.; and Mrs. G. W. Rodman, Box 195, Williamston, Mich.

At an early date we shall publish the winning letter of the final group of the contest, on "My Daughter and I" by a mother.

NOW YOU TELL ONE

For each original joke accepted from a Companion subscriber \$1 will be paid. No joke returned to sender.



AN OBEDIENT LAD

THE manager of an office had sent the new office boy on an errand. When the boy came back, says the Tatler, he said to him, "Did you deliver my message to Mr. Jones?"

"No, sir," answered the boy. "He was out, and the office was locked up."

"But why didn't you wait for him as I told you to?" inquired the manager.

"Because there was a notice on the door, sir, saying 'Return immediately'; so I came back as quickly as I could."

WHAT INDEED?

"**MARY**," inquired the mistress suspiciously, "did you wash this fish carefully before you baked it?"

"Lor, ma'am," replied Mary, "wot's the use of washin' a fish that's lived all his life under water?"

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION

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"Ugh-ugh yourself," said Bill King. "What do you expect—a valet to draw your bawth for you?"

IT'S great stuff to have two United States Presidents among your ancestors. Doctor Dupee told us this interesting fact about Hopkins Carey, the new boy, when introducing some of us to him in the head master's study. Hop was sixteen, and I think he used the same grease on his hair as on his patent leather shoes. They were equally shiny. It seems that his father was both rich and haughty, so he lived abroad at Biarritz, and also in a lot of hotels with the syllable "Ritz" in their names. It was no wonder that Hop was so ritzy himself.

My crowd is a fairly small one, but Stan Biddle, my roommate, is the senior monitor of the school, and Bill King is baseball captain, and I am in a good many school "activities" myself. But this Hop Carey let us know that he was an aristocrat and we were foul plebeians. His clothes! I'm telling you that he came with two wardrobe trunks full of London suits and shirts, and a big valise of pigskin all fitted with silver boxes and bottles, and a hatbox. He had a silk hat in that box, too. We called him Silk Hat Hop.

"Family position counts for everything in the world," said Hop. "But not in a dump like this."

Well, Middletown Academy isn't ritzy. Its buildings are old, and the trustees are professors and editors and army officers as well as business men. Just the same, Middletown is a good school. We didn't like to hear this fresh new kid call it a dump.

"What pulls my cork is the prison atmosphere," he said later. "No gentleman should live his life by bell. Rising bell at 6:45—ugh! Breakfast bell at 7:15. Bell for prayers at 8:00. Bell for recess. Bell for lunch. Bell for afternoon school. Bells, bells, bells, bells—ugh!"

"Ugh-ugh yourself," said Bill King. "What do you expect—a valet to draw your bawth for you?"

"That's what I've had in the past," snapped Silk Hat Hop. "Only a fellow who didn't know any better would sneer at it."

Skeeter Tilney pricked up his ears at this. Skeeter's father was rich, too.

"Prison is right," said Skeeter, coaxingly. "We are not regarded as earnest young students. We are treated like young criminals in a reformatory. Why, I haven't had breakfast in bed for an age."

All this was to lure Silk Hat Hop into further expressions of disgust. It worked. It worked so well that Stan Biddle had to

throw a book at Skeeter, hitting him accurately on the nose. Then Stan ordered both of them to quit sitting around in their room and go out and get some exercise.

But the games that Hop knew didn't seem to be played at Middletown. He complained about our lack of fives (some sort of handball) and of pelota. Pelota is a sort of Spanish tennis. I don't think Hop had ever played it, but he said that it made all our games—baseball, tennis, basketball and hockey—look like something designed for an Old Women's Home. He played golf, too. But we weren't encouraging golf that year.

SO Hop wandered round by himself a good deal, and we left him alone except when Skeeter teased him into complaining about his sad lot in our institution. He said, one evening, that it had the typical institutional smell—a mixture of boiling cauliflower, rubber mats, carbolic soap and perspiration.

Nobody laughed. In fact, old Barker Johnson, the master in whose room we were sitting, told Hop to pipe down. But Hop didn't take the hint. He replied that Middletown was as dreary as the penitentiary, and as chilly as the tomb. And then Barker let him have it, right between the eyes.

"We aren't a retreat for young whelps," he said, "from rich men's homes. You may not know that Stanley Biddle's father owns enough land in Texas to wrap around Monaco, Andorra and two or three other little European countries. We don't think about wealth here. We think about merit. We live a Spartan life, and we are proud of it. We give our rewards to those who earn them. We do not dawdle. We do not slack. We try to work faithfully both in the classroom and on the athletic field. We are

healthily tired when evening comes, but we are proud to roll to bed with a Latin phrase and rise with a line of Greek."

But Hop Carey wasn't listening to Barker's eloquence.

"Did you call me a whelp?" he asked.

"What if I did?"

"I won't come back and listen to you until you apologize—in writing."

Well, the temperature in the room dropped about fifty degrees when Hop uttered these remarkable words. I don't believe any Middletown boy in our hundred years of school history had ever had the gall to demand an apology from a teacher.

While the chill and the silence still lasted, Hop got up and walked out of the room, registering contempt from the top of his oily hair to the tips of his glossy pumps. All of us spoke up:

"What'll I do? Break his neck?"

"Pour water on him."

"Sit on his head."

"Put crape on his nose—his brain's dead."

"Aw, he's not worth worrying about," Stan Biddle's voice cut through the discussion. "You are right, Barker; he is a whelp."

It was the first time any boy had ever called Barker by that name to his face; but the old chap knew it was meant as a term of endearment, so he passed it by.

He spoke to Doctor Dupee about Hop Carey, however; and what passed between them I do not know. But Hop was given a barrel of demerits, and they made him serve them by waiting on table. He loathed that and said he wouldn't be treated as a servant. But he was. The last crowning indignity came when they made him clean and oil the shoes of the whole first baseball squad.

Needless to add, Barker did not apologize, either in writing or any other way.

SILK HAT HOP finished the shoes in a state of cold, white fury. That night, about eleven o'clock, he cut and tore his sheets into strips, knotted them together, and climbed down from his window. This was pure "swank." All he had to do was walk downstairs. But he had read somewhere that all escaping prisoners make rope ladders out of their blankets.

The sheets burned his hands badly as he slid down. But I think he enjoyed the pain.

Of course, we were all asleep and didn't know about his escape until the morning. Then we found a note which he had left on Skeeter Tilney's bureau. It was as follows:

I used to think there was some hoop for you, but you are as pusillanimous as the others. I am shaking the dust of this hole off my feet. My father will be in America in about six weeks & I am just going somewhere to rest until he comes. It will be vane to try and find me. Barker is impossible. I wish you many happy hours in this prison where you stay among cads and bounders by your own choice.

Cordially,

HOPKINS CAREY

I can't say that most of us cads and bounders were very eager to become detectives and track down this fugitive. But it was Doctor Dupee's duty so to do. He called us into the study right after breakfast, and we noticed that his bushy eyebrows looked bushier than ever—always a danger sign.

"I've telephoned to all station agents within twenty miles," he said. "When boys have run away in the past, we have quickly recaptured them by this means. This is our first runaway in ten years. I believe that young Carey went on foot. Stanley, you know how to drive a car. Take the school car, and make a careful circuit of the roads, asking people to notify us promptly by telephone if they see a boy walking alone."

This looked to me like seeking a very small needle in a big haystack, and so it proved. But I secured permission to go with Stan, and we had a nice drive, taking all morning to do it, as instructed. Meanwhile Barker and Bags and the other masters who could be spared drove around in their own cars, and by noon we had covered all the roads within a ten-mile radius or more. Then we reported that Hop was still on the loose, and no word of him had been received anywhere.

"He's hitch-hiking," said Bill King.

"Past Philadelphia now."

"Probably in Trenton."

"Or heading for New York."

But Skeeter said the last word.

"Hop would think it, oh, so vulgar to hitch-hike," he said. "Imagine our perfect little foreign gentleman stopping a car and asking a stranger for a ride. Im-possible."

The word "im-possible" was one of Hop's favorites, and we laughed. But some of us were of the opinion that, if driven by necessity, he would forget that he hadn't been introduced and would offer to pay some passing driver for a lift.

It turned out that Hop hadn't done anything of the sort. This is what happened to him.

He wasn't very strong, you know, and he trudged away from school without any clear idea where he was going. After an hour he was so tired that he stopped to rest, and looked at his watch under a street lamp. It was only midnight. He continued to walk all night. He passed two railway stations and hoped for trains, but no trains came.

BY dawn he realized that he was thoroughly lost. His feet now hurt him as much as his hands. He had never before seen the sun rise, and the sudden glare of light frightened him. He knew that his flight would soon be discovered, and that all railway stations would be watched. He needed a refuge. But what he needed most was breakfast. He felt in his pocket for money, and found only a few coins—small ones.

The money question had never been at all serious in his life. His father had paid for everything, usually signing checks for meals at the various Ritzes. Hop decided that he would find some pleasant country inn where he could breakfast, take a room, and remain in seclusion until his father came. Innkeepers abroad had always treated Mr. Carey with great deference. The little inns along the Riviera are often so quiet and secluded that hardly anyone seems to come and go. Hop knew nothing about America. He fully expected to find a little inn of this kind.

After a while he came to Ashford, the county seat. Nobody was in the streets so early. Hop looked at the inn. It was not the kind he knew. It had plate-glass windows, and looked about as secluded and private as an aquarium. The sign said "Commercial Hotel."

Hop walked rapidly past, hoping to find the sort of retreat that he wanted on the outskirts of the town. He failed in this. Before long he was out in the country again, limping because his shoes pinched his tender toes. But his worst pain, now, was hunger. He knew that all towns and even highways were deadly dangerous to him, as the hue and cry would soon be raised behind him.

He stopped, however, at a wayside refreshment stand. The woman was just lighting her stove and said she could have a hot dog and coffee ready in twenty minutes. Hop was so new to America that he didn't know what a hot dog is; and he was in such a hurry that he nearly said he would take a cold dog instead. But he looked in the ice box and bought a bottle of Phroso and some crackers and cheese.

This frugal meal did not seem to agree with him, and he suffered from cramps. He had to lie down in a damp meadow until they passed. At this time he had his first great shock. Stan and I passed in our car; and, although we didn't see him behind the fence, he saw and recognized us and knew that the hue and cry was on his heels. After more wandering here and there, he took lunch at another wayside stand and learned to his dismay that he was still within five miles of Middletown. It had begun to rain.

The man at this stand looked so searchingly at Hop's cap, which was a school cap, that Hop paid for his meal and slunk away as fast as he could. He thought that he must have covered twenty or thirty miles, which was an exaggeration. But he had evidently walked in a circle. He knew that all the busy haunts of mankind—including refreshment stations—were now too dangerous for him. He walked across lots that afternoon and used unfrequented lanes. Still he found no inn. And by five o'clock, with the rain letting up a little, he decided that a farmhouse must be his refuge.

AT last, at the very end of a lane that wound upward into some thinly settled hills, Hop found a farm that seemed absolutely safe and private. There was no telephone wire. Not another building was in sight anywhere. The farmer was in the chicken yard, carrying a heavy pail of feed from one run to another.

Hop had by this time substituted an old felt hat, taken from a scarecrow, for his incriminating school cap. He walked up to the farmer.

"My name is Claude Farthingale," said Hop, who had spent a long time thinking this up. "I wish to apply to you for lodging."

"Sure," replied the farmer. "With board? Fifteen dollars a week in advance."

Hop had only ten cents left in his pocket. But he had never heard of paying for accommodations in advance.

"That will be all right," he said, easily. "My father will take care of that. You can give me only a single room and bath."

"Humph," said the farmer. "I can give you the room all right—and you can give yourself the bath over yonder in the pond."



"My name," said Hop, "is Mr. Claude Farthingale"

Hop thought that this was merely a crude joke. "My father will take care of the bill," he repeated.

"Where's he?"

"In France."

The farmer shook his head.

"But he's coming to America soon. I just want a quiet place to live until he comes."

"What did you say your name was?"

"Mr. Claude Farthingale."

"Never heard of you—or your father, either."

"Of course not, my good man. We have resided in France until recently."

"Well," said the farmer, picking up his bucket, "I've got to have one week's board in advance."

Hop wavered, and then began to walk along. The farmer, paying no further attention to him, resumed operations with the chicken feed. Hop stopped, finding that the lane ended in the barnyard. Then he came back.

"Couldn't we make some other arrangement?" he asked.

"Well," said the farmer, "my boy's about your age. He's sick in a hospital. He's stronger than you, I guess. But if you can do a fair day's work helping out around the place, I might board you free for a while."

Hop thought it over. He didn't like the idea, or any part of it. But in the end he agreed. There was another shower coming up, and he could not face the prospect of walking down that lonely lane in its teeth.

"Now, Claude," said the farmer, "you can begin with these chickens. When you've got 'em all fed, come to the barn."

The wire handle of the bucket cut Hop's hands, which were sore enough anyway. But he fed the chickens and reported to the farmer in the barn before the worst of the rain came. The farmer gave him a ragged old brown sweater to wear.

There was a lot of cleaning out to be done in the barn and the cowhouse.

"May I know your name?" he asked the farmer.

"Ritts."

And that word, falling just then on Hop's ear, almost comforted him.

Supper was served by Mrs. Ritts at six-thirty. It seemed to consist almost entirely of salt pork with milk gravy, and boiled potatoes.

"You're just skin 'n' bone," she said to Hop. "You can't be a good worker till we feed you up, some."

Hop fed up as well as he could, although disliking the pork and the dish of prunes that followed for dessert. What he liked was a restaurant table with shaded candles, and white napkins, and dainty little French dishes like hors d'œuvres and filet mignon.

AFTER supper, Hop was ready to go to his room and sleep. But he was immediately told that work was by no means over. He was given some harness to mend; and,

happened. The second time, Mr. Ritts whipped him with a strap. It didn't hurt very much, as Mr. Ritts was laughing so heartily that his muscular force was impaired. But the laughter was more painful to bear than the blows.

Silk Hat Hop! Imagine the pride of southern France, the pale, aristocratic scion of two Presidents of the United States, turned up on a farmer's knee and flogged to the accompaniment of hoarse, chortling laughter! The humiliation was intense. But Hop was a good boy for two hours afterward. Mr. Ritts profited by his goodness and made him perform some horrible work connected with the drains.

Then there were the chickens to feed again; and there were six nice fat pullets to kill; and the cows to be driven home for milking; and sticks of stove wood to be split for Mrs. Ritts. Then came supper, with plenty more prunes; and then came bed.

And the second day was like the first. Hop took a lesson in harnessing a horse that day, and the horse stamped on Hop's foot. He was also badly stung by hornets as he drove the cows. But it was not these accidents that really broke Hop's spirit. It was the drudgery of the work Mr. Ritts picked out for him and the discovery that farm life contains far more routine and more hard work than the life at boarding school.

So, on the third day, Hop ran away. He ran out of the barnyard and across lots. Mr. Ritts caught him in less than a field and a half. This time he did not laugh while whipping Hop, and Hop was wounded in body as well as spirit.

AT nine o'clock that night, Doctor Dupee visited Mr. Ritts, taking both Stan and me along. We were all agog to see how our whilom schoolmate was enjoying his new course in Practical Agriculture. We had a little talk with Mr. and Mrs. Ritts, and they said that Claude would never make a real farmer. "No real love for the work," was their verdict.

They said that Claude had a comfortable bedroom upstairs, with a window that couldn't be opened; so there was no fear of escape. Mrs. Ritts said she slept so lightly that she could hear a mouse's footfalls on the floor.

Doctor Dupee was always a fiend about our sleeping arrangements. He insisted on lots of fresh air. He said he would tiptoe upstairs and look at Carey's room. He came down and said the boy was sleeping in a thick sweater, although the night was hot.

Then Mr. Ritts went up to make Hop take off the sweater; and pretty soon he called loudly to us to come up. We did so. It wasn't Hop in the bed. It was just a dummy figure. Hop had dressed up some quilts in the sweater. He was gone. Mrs. Ritts might be able to hear the mice thundering over the floor, but she hadn't heard Hop walk in his stocking feet out of his room and climb out of the hall window, putting his shoes on afterward.

That was his strategy, and it certainly worked well. If Doctor Dupee hadn't been so worried about ventilation, the loss of Hop wouldn't have been noticed until morning.

The doctor was pretty badly worried as we drove back to school, first giving a general alarm by telephone. He said he wouldn't take kind and forgiving measures this time, but would set the police after Hop. And so he did.

Doctor Dupee rang for the housekeeper to give us a glass of milk after our exertions; and while we were drinking it in the study a remarkable thing happened. A car drove up, and out of it came a dejected figure, followed by the driver.

"Please pay this man," said Hop Carey—for it was no other than he.

And then, while the astounded doctor paid the driver, Hop uttered these stately words: "I was mistaken about the hardships of boarding-school life, sir, and I wish to apply for readmission to Middletown Academy, subject to whatever penalties you may care to impose."

We watched the eyebrows bristle. Stan said afterwards that it was the tensest moment in his life.

"So you have run away both from school and to school, deluded boy," boomed Doctor Dupee. "I impose no penalty whatever. But if I ever again catch you sleeping in your sweater and with the window shut, I will expel you."

Hop's jaw dropped, and his carefully prepared coolness fled away. To the end of his days at Middletown, he always affirmed that Doctor Dupee had radio eyes and could see everything!

although his fingers were unhandy, he learned to punch holes in the straps. This continued until he fell asleep from exhaustion and had only a dim recollection of having been escorted to bed by Mr. Ritts. He was just enough awake to take off his shoes and fall into the blankets, brown sweater and all.

Not half an hour later, Doctor Dupee was in the kitchen. In the belief that Hop was a runaway boy, Mr. Ritts had called Doctor Dupee by telephone from a neighbor's house. Stan Biddle accompanied him.

Instead of rousing up Hop and taking him back to school—which was less than six miles away—it was decided by the doctor to leave him for a few days to "work out his own salvation." The accent was on the word *work*. Mr. Ritts, who turned out to be an old and valued friend of the academy, and indeed one of its chief purveyors of milk and eggs, promised that there would be lots of work in Hop's new course of study.

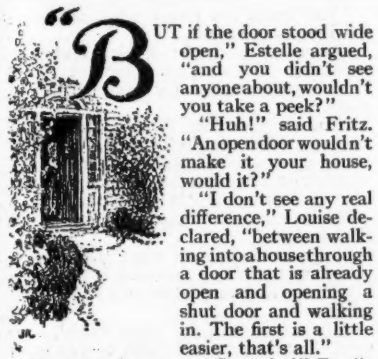
"It will be an invaluable experience for this misguided boy, this rebel," said the doctor to Stan, as they drove home. "He will learn to appreciate the comfortable school life which he dared to abandon."

"The little squirt!" said Stan. "I hope the farmer works him till his arms drop off."

"Mr. Ritts can be fully trusted to do what is fitting," replied the doctor. "He will keep such a sharp eye on Carey that there will be no chance of further escape."

Doctor Dupee was mistaken, as events proved. But on the next day there began for Hop a series of experiences that could only be described in detail by an abler pen than mine. It seems that Hop was aroused at five and asked whether he expected to lie abed all the forenoon. He was made to try milking the cows. All the while, the eagle eye of Mr. Ritts was upon him. At eleven, a calf was killed. Hop was tender-hearted, and this episode pretty nearly killed him too. Nevertheless, he was forced to resume cleaning out the barn. He began to understand why Hercules took so much credit for having dared to do the same thing.

The afternoon was much the same. Hop rebelled twice. The first time, nothing much



"BUT if the door stood wide open," Estelle argued, "and you didn't see anyone about, wouldn't you take a peek?"

"Huh!" said Fritz. "An open door wouldn't make it your house, would it?"

"I don't see any real difference," Louise declared, "between walking into a house through a door that is already open and opening a shut door and walking in. The first is a little easier, that's all."

"An open door says, 'Come in,'" Estelle said. "A closed door says, 'Keep out.'"

"All open doors don't say 'Come in' to you," Louise answered. "An open door that knows you says, 'Come in.' But an open door that doesn't know you says, 'I am open merely to see whether you are polite enough to act as though I were shut.'"

"Some doors may be more hospitable than the people in them," said Estelle.

Louise shrugged her shoulders. "Now you're talking nonsense."

"No, I'm not. A woman who happens to own a house like that white one on the hill has no right to keep it all to herself."

"She is selfish to keep it to herself, I'll agree with you there," Louise acknowledged. "Everyone says Miss Endicott is a crabbed old thing. But that doesn't give us a right to walk into her house uninvited. I suppose she used to be fearfully bothered by people clamoring to go inside."

"She might let them," Estelle said. "She doesn't live there."

"The fact that neither she nor anyone else lives there doesn't alter the point," said Fritz. "It's her house."

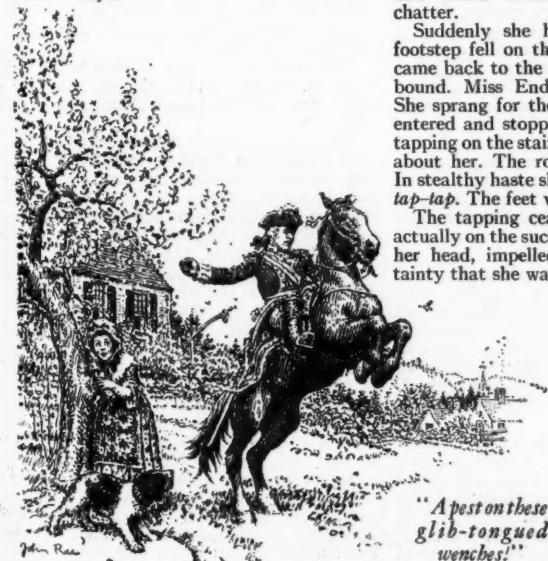
Louise rose and smoothed down her skirt with both practiced hands. "I'd like well enough to see the inside of that house,—they say it is the quaintest anywhere in the region,—to see Desire Endicott's room and all the rest of it; but I hope I wouldn't be brazen enough to go in without permission." She sauntered across the room and, picking up a magazine, went out to the porch.

Estelle sought the garden.

Their horrified opposition bred in her a sudden consuming desire to give them something to be horrified about, since it could be done so easily, so naturally, and moreover so very politely. Even if she were ordered out the next minute by an irate owner, she would at least have had a glimpse of the place Desire Endicott had lived in. Estelle was always courageous in her imagination.

DESIRE ENDICOTT! She liked to repeat the name to herself. She loved the sound of its old-time syllables. Desire Endicott had lived in that small white house more than a century and a quarter ago.

Ever since the rainy June day when Estelle had discovered the story in a history of the old Massachusetts shore towns, Desire Endicott had fascinated her imagination. Through a long afternoon she had lain curled up in the quaint little attic of the house that her parents had taken for the summer, and had read and dreamed of colonial days.



The House With The Open Door

By BETH B. GILCHRIST

Illustrated by JOHN RAE

"Is the Desire Endicott house anywhere near us?" she had inquired at supper. And Fritz had answered, "Sure; it's the little white one at the top of this hill—in the orchard."

"But there is no getting into it," her older sister Joyce had added, "no matter when you go. The Miss Endicott who owns it has a grudge against sight-seers. I don't know why. They can't trouble her much, for she lives in the house in front and locks up the little old one in the orchard."

There were plenty of houses not barred to visitors. It was a country of old houses, the thresholds of which served as magic portals into a by-gone age; they were full of fine white paneling and carved mantels, of highboys and lowboys, Sheraton tables and Heppelwhite chairs, pewter and china and ancient silver. Estelle had been in some of them; she might easily visit them again; but it was the house into which she could not go that enticed her. All summer she had longed to enter it.

It never was open. Twice a day Estelle walked to the post office by the long road that skirted the Endicott orchard. From a certain point in the road you could see the door of the little house, and the door was always shut.

LOUISE and Fritz forgot the discussion on the open door. Estelle very nearly forgot it herself. Now and then she even forgot to be ready to glance up at the Desire Endicott house from that particular point in the road from which you could see its door.

And then one morning as they shot past the orchard Estelle suddenly called to Fritz to stop the car.

"I don't believe I'll go today, after all," she explained as she sprang out into the road. "Huh!" said Fritz. "Why didn't you find it out before?"

The car sped on. When it was out of sight Estelle turned deliberately from the road, scrambled over the gray stone wall and hurried through the orchard. She was trembling a little, and her breath came short and fast.

Estelle stopped on the broad gray stone and hesitated. The green door with its knocker stood wide open. She faced a tiny paneled hall. Through a door to the right an old landscape paper beckoned her. That must be the room where Desire Endicott had artlessly babbled to the British officer.

"Just one peek, and then I'll go," Estelle said to herself.

One step and she was in the house, another and she stood in the doorway of a low-ceiled room. Its white wood-work, its long narrow panes, its desk, its highboy, its chairs, its silhouettes entranced Estelle.

She had lost all sense of trespassing. Her imagination was busy with the past. She saw Desire Endicott and the British captain. She heard Desire Endicott's disarming chatter.

Suddenly she heard something else. A footstep fell on the floor upstairs. The girl came back to the twentieth century with a bound. Miss Endicott was in the house! She sprang for the door by which she had entered and stopped aghast. The feet were tapping on the stairs. Desperately she looked about her. The room had one other door. In stealthy haste she moved toward it. Tap-tap-tap. The feet were running.

The tapping ceased, and with her hand actually on the succoring door Estelle turned her head, impelled by the dreadful certainty that she was being watched.

In the other door stood a girl in a dress that Estelle had never seen outside the pages of books and the costumes of patriotic parties. It was of cotton, stamped with a blue figure. There was a sky-blue quilted petticoat and a figured apron. The girl's light brown hair was caught up on the top of her head and fin-

ished off by a little cap of gauze and lace interwoven with a flower. In her dark eyes surprise was giving place to mischief. Her cheeks glowed with healthy color.

"BESHREW me," she said blithely, "but I did not hear you come in, sweet coz. Methinks you are as quiet as the mouse that for two Sabbaths now has eaten crumbs before all the folk in the meetinghouse while Parson Ward was preaching."

Estelle stood speechless; her eyes were devouring the picturesque figure, her head was a tumult of amazed surmise.

The girl with the piquant cap and the sprightly voice dropped a curtsy. The curtsy fitted the room as perfectly as did her gown and speech.

"Are you deaf, sweet coz? Or dumb? Or needs must Mistress Desire Endicott be presented to her own cousin before they have speech together?"

Still Estelle could not find words.

The girl laughed a musical infectious laugh and, tripping across the room, caught Estelle's hand in hers. "Behold, I am flesh and blood," she cried. "Stand no longer as though you looked upon a ghost. You are my cousin from Boston whom I have never seen before. We shall be good friends, methinks, when you have found your tongue. And you speak not, I shall think you have no liking to know your Cousin Desire."

"I—I shall certainly," stammered Estelle. She felt that something was demanded. The touch of the hand had assured her that she was not dreaming. The eyes, merry and mischievous, compelled the words out of her. The other clapped her hands.

"Sweet coz," she said, "that is a strange gown you wear. Prithce turn about, that I may view it. Verily, a strange gown; there's none too much cloth. This gown I wear would e'en fashion three of it. Nathless, I like it. What think you of mine?"

"I think you look too sweet for anything!"

"For that," said the colonial maiden, "you spend the day with me. Did I not say we two should be friends shortly? Nay, but I forget my manners. Your mother, my father's honored sister, is she well? Your brothers and sisters, did you leave them in health at home?"

"My mother is very well," Estelle answered. She had recovered from the first impact of surprise, and her faculties had rallied to meet this odd experience. Daring stirred in her soul for the second time that day, the daring of the imaginative. "So are all my brothers and sisters except the baby. They thought when I came away that the baby was going to have the measles."

The dark eyes that studied Estelle's face flashed delightedly. "Poor little one!" breathed the curving lips. "But it is an infection from which he will presently recover. Prithce be seated and tell me the news. What of General Washington? What of General Gates and of Burgoyne's invasion?"

Estelle's heart quickened its beating. Was she really back at the beginnings of her country's history? "Haven't you heard? There has been a battle at Bennington, and General Stark and his raw militia have taken seven hundred prisoners."

The other clapped her hands again. "A victory! You do not jest? That be glad news truly. Cousin, that be glorious news!"

"It's true," Estelle nodded; then she let herself go. Whoever this girl was, she would take her at her word. "You—you talked with a British officer in this room, they have told me. You outwitted him, and you were only a girl."

Desire Endicott's face puckered with mirth and satisfaction.

"He rode away," she said. "Methought he rode fast. 'A pest on these glib-tongued wenches!' I heard him mutter under his breath as he swung to the saddle."

"Tell me about it," cried Estelle. "Please tell me about it all!"

The other smiled and rose from her chair. "Not yet. Firstly, as Parson Ward would have it, let us view the house. I have much to show my coz on her first visit."

She put out a hand and drew Estelle up from her chair and toward the door on the



She had bidden the American officer

brass knob of which the visitor's fingers had for a moment rested. The dark eyes were twinkling with fun.

From room to room Estelle followed her with eyes and ears absorbed.

She saw chests full of curiously patterned garments and drawers filled with pewter spoon molds, candle snuffers, and the hundred and one necessities of a vanished age. She saw "flintlocks" and rusty bayonets, pomegranate-topped four-posters, spindle legged chairs, a brick oven, and a secret cupboard. She pushed the sliding wooden panels that had secured the windows of the oldest room in the house against attack from its most ancient foes. She pulled a latch string that had once opened an outside door but which now gave on a kitchen. She poked her head into the narrow space where Desire Endicott had hidden the American officer. She stood in Desire Endicott's own room. Everywhere was spotless order and the charm of a quaint simplicity.

Estelle was silent from sheer happiness as she followed her hostess downstairs again. Vaguely the thought that she must go pricked her consciousness. Before she could frame it in words Mistress Desire had spread a piece of white damask on a shining table. "The pink lustrine china," she said to Estelle, "an it please you to find it in the corner cupboard. Set the table for two, sweet coz."

Bread and butter was not plain bread and butter when eaten from lustre plates in company with Mistress Desire Endicott. Blackberries had a new flavor; stuffed eggs masqueraded as hitherto untasted wonders; lemonade and cake were unimagined marvels.

Food loosed Estelle's tongue. The two girls chattered together like the cousins Desire had called them. After luncheon they washed the dishes in water that they had heated over an incongruous alcohol lamp, and dried the delicate china on blue-checked cloths of suspiciously modern appearance. Trifles like these could not break the spell. Estelle still felt like rubbing her eyes whenever they rested on the blue-flowered gown with its sky-blue quilt and apron.

The sun was traveling down the western sky when Desire led the way back to the room where Estelle had first seen her.

"It was here that I talked to the British officer," she said. "Come, wench, tell the truth now, quoth he. 'Has a man ridden this way within the hour?' And I, cousin, was all alone lit sundown with an oven full of pies and beans and what-not a-baking and a man holding his breath in the hiding-hole over my head."

THE trees of the orchard cast longer and longer shadows round the little white house as the tale went on. The girl in the old-fashioned gown sat up in her chair, and the color came and went in her cheeks, her eyes flashed as her voice changed with the changing speech of the dialogue that she recounted.

A hush fell on the room when she had done. Both girls were strangely excited. Into the hush dropped the deliberate booming strokes of the grandfather clock in the tiny hall. Five o'clock.

Mistress Desire Endicott rose to her feet. "Perchance you have heard of Cinderella, cousin," she whispered. "So have I, though Parson Ward knoweth it not. The hour— She glanced stealthily over her shoulder. "Prithee begone and swiftly."

She put out her hands and, catching Estelle's shoulders, kissed her softly on both cheeks.

The next minute Estelle was running through the orchard toward the gray stone wall. As she sprang down into the road she looked back. The door was shut.

An hour later the automobile party, returning, found Estelle in the couch hammock on the porch, with supreme content in her eyes. Fritz recounted what they had done. "Now aren't you sorry you didn't go?" Louise demanded.

Estelle shook her head. "I have been in the Desire Endicott house," she explained. "Did you find the door open?" Louise asked.

"Anybody invite you in?" Fritz queried. Estelle told the story of her day.

"Didn't you find out who the girl was?" Fritz demanded.

"How could I?" "Ask her."

"Didn't you ask her?" Unbelief sounded in Louise's voice.

"No," said Estelle. "Once, just as I was coming away, I turned back to it, but I couldn't. Something in her eyes stopped me."

"Well, you are a chump!" Fritz declared. Louise said nothing. Estelle seemed to have deprived her of words. Late in the evening she recovered some of them.

"I suppose you won't be going to Jessie Spaulding's party tomorrow."

"Why not?" Estelle asked.

"You will have to be at the Desire Endicott house."

"I shall go to the party," Estelle said.

"It couldn't happen again, Louise. Nothing like what happened today could happen twice."

ESTELLE had not been five minutes at Jessie Spaulding's party before she saw the girl of the house in the orchard. Today she was wearing an attractive amber-colored linen gown. There was nothing old-fashioned about her appearance, yet Estelle could not question the mischievous brown eyes and the sparkling face. Undeniably they belonged to the girl of yesterday's adventure.

"Desire Endicott wants to meet you," Jessie told Estelle. "The Miss Endicott's niece, you know. She is visiting her aunt. Desire, this is Estelle Loomis."

"So that is your name," Desire Endicott said with a smile. "I wondered all last evening."

"I was wondering who you were, too."

"But you didn't ask me. I liked you because you didn't ask. You just played the game."

Estelle blushed at the memory of how nearly she had failed to play the game.

"Is it no fair to ask things now?"

"I'll tell you without questions. My aunt had gone to town for the day, and I was pretending to be my great-great-grandmother. But I never dreamed of having some one to pretend with. It was much more fun."

"How could you do it so well?" Estelle cried. "How could you keep it up, and talk the way you did, and tell that story just as if it had really happened to you?"

"I know the story by heart," the girl laughed. "I know it backwards and forwards and upside down. As for the language, it wouldn't bear rehearsing. I overworked a few phrases dreadfully."

"You made me forget what century I lived in," said Estelle.

Desire dropped the quaint curtsy of yesterday. "Thank you. I haven't played in college dramatics for nothing, it appears."

"One question more. What made you send me home when the clock struck?"

"Aunt Abigail's train was due, and I couldn't let a day like that simply peter out. I had to do something to make it end right."

Estelle nodded. "That was right. It was all just right."

"I am coming to see you," Desire said. "I'm staying only a week more. If you would like to see the house again, or if any of your friends—"

"My cousin and my sister would, I am sure," Estelle answered. "But I— you won't misunderstand—I want to keep that day in my memory just as it was, as long as I live. I wouldn't dare see the house again. I have been in it with Desire Endicott."

Desire's namesake smiled at Estelle. "I think you are a sensible girl. And you certainly say the prettiest things. Now tell me one thing. What made you come in yesterday?"

"I saw the door open," said Estelle.

IN SIX CHAPTERS. CHAPTER 2

As the cheers of the victorious pirates died away there was a sound of carriage wheels and the tramp of horse's hoofs on Doctor Smith's stable floor. Joe, who had taken his capture very calmly up to this point, recognized the familiar sounds, and he knew that the doctor needed him. His one desire was to get back to the stable just as quickly as possible.

"All right, boys," he said. "I'll walk the plank."

To tell the truth, both captain and crew after the first moment of exultation had passed were in a bit of a quandary as to what disposition could be made of their captive. Joe's suggestion solved the difficulty, and with great pomp and ceremony he was conducted to the plank and allowed, freed from his shackles, to walk to the end and drop into the hay below. Three mighty strides brought him to the dividing fence, which he scaled like a cat, and he reported to the doctor almost before his absence had been discovered.

Joe's capture and punishment were the topic of constant conversation among the boys, and Shiner in his heart rather feared that Joe would plot revenge. To his vast surprise, this did not seem to be the case, for after his capture Joe became more and more affable and more and more interested in the undertakings of the boys. He told them more stories, made many valuable suggestions in regard to further equipment of the Panther, and in every way seemed anxious to allow the incidents of the past to be forgotten.

ABOUT this time the town was stirred by a very new and novel suggestion. Miss Abigail Safford, one of the most conservative and certainly most respected residents of the town, had made a very surprising suggestion. It was that the town should celebrate with appropriate ceremonies and with an outdoor historic pageant the anniversary of the town's settlement.

Miss Abigail was a person of decision and tenacity of purpose, and when she set about to do a thing she usually accomplished it. She soon won to her proposal the approval of most of the townspeople and with characteristic vigor proceeded to make it an accomplished fact.

She imported from somewhere, no one knew just where, a Mr. Miller, who was an expert at this sort of celebration, and who took entire charge of the preparations. He acquired an astonishing amount of information about the town and the important events of its history and with Miss Abigail worked out a plan for their picturesque presentation. When the plans began to take form the boys found that they were to be called upon to appear in various rôles. A few allowed themselves to be drafted, but the overwhelming majority resolutely refused to have anything to do with the undertaking.

The officers and crew of the Panther to a man decided against doing anything. To carry on the high art of piracy in addition to all their other duties was in itself difficult enough, but at the same time to be dragged through a long series of tedious rehearsals in which they were compelled to appear in

The Last Cruise of the Panther

By MACGREGOR JENKINS

Illustrated by DUDLEY G. SUMMERS



Unaccustomed to surroundings of such grandeur, the mail-carrier's horse was last seen rounding the northeast corner of the courthouse with the honorary grand marshal insecurely draped around his neck

much more humble and less romantic rôles was quite out of the question. The matter came to a head when Miller devised a touching and beautiful representation of a very mythical Indian attack upon the village and expected the boys to appear as terror-stricken native children. Miller knew the fine art of persuasion and used all his wiles, but the boys were firm in their refusal.

With an eye to the picturesque, he coveted Joe as a central figure in one of his groups, and in order to secure his services he had cultivated Joe's acquaintance and friendship.

ALTHOUGH the relations between the pirate crew and Joe were cordial in the extreme, there still lurked in Shiner's heart a suspicion that revenge was being plotted. So he was greatly surprised when Joe abandoned his round of daily duties and came to the Panther one afternoon and asked to have an opportunity to talk with the boys.

"Now, boys," he said, "this is a chance for you to do something for the town and to help out Miss Abigail. If we are going to have this pageant, it must be a success. To be a success, everybody must take hold and work hard, and it cannot be a success unless you boys join. I have talked this all over with Miller, and I have persuaded him to give up his idea of presenting a picture from the Indian attack; and he has consented to put on a group representing the capture of old Nathan Burbank by the Barbary pirates."

"You boys never heard of Nathan Burbank probably, but he was one of the few people from this town who ever followed the sea. It was the money he made on his trading voyages which built the hotel by the

depot and gave the playground on the north side of the town. There is a story that he was captured by pirates and made his escape by jumping overboard at night and swimming to an island from which he was afterward rescued by an English sailing vessel. I think we can fix up a float of the boat and the pirates, with Nathan bound to the mast, which will be one of the best in the whole pageant."

This put an entirely new face on the situation, and as the boys were to appear in their favorite characters they fell a victim to Joe's powers of persuasion. For many days after that the Panther lay peacefully at her moorings while her entire crew worked busily under Joe's direction. He had secured from Doctor Smith a hayrack, and on this under Joe's direction a very presentable reproduction of the prow of a vessel was made of canvas and light timber. A mast was erected and rigged under Joe's supervision.

Miller was delighted with the boys' activities and often came in in the afternoon to work with them. He was skillful with tools and soon won the confidence of the boys. Shiner was particularly interested to notice that he had lost the second finger of his left hand, but despite this handicap he used his hand with great skill and with almost as much ease as the right.

AS the day drew near the village seethed with excitement. A grandstand had been erected on the village green and booths arranged for the sale of refreshments. From the sale of grandstand seats, from the refreshment booths and from other sources it was hoped to realize a considerable sum of

money, which would defray the expenses of the pageant itself and leave something for the village library fund. By this time Miller had become well acquainted with almost everyone in the town, and the management of the finances of the undertaking was entrusted to him.

The day of the pageant dawned clear and cool, a perfect July day. The morning exercises of a literary and historic character did not particularly interest the boys. Crab, Shiner and Peeler, after a final inspection of the pirate float, decided that a swim would fit them for their arduous duties of the afternoon.

At the foot of South Street was Taylor's bridge, crossing the river. A few yards below the bridge stood the ruins of Henry's saw-mill, once a profitable village industry. The property had for years, however, been in litigation, and the building had been allowed to fall in ruins. Everything of value had long since been removed, and the great hand-hewed rafters were slowly pulling apart, and the whole structure was sagging into the water beneath it. It was a dark and gloomy place, often visited by the more daring boys as a place of mystery and amusement.

North of the mill was Bread Hole, the favorite swimming place of the boys, and it was here that the pirate trio despoiled themselves for an hour on the morning of the day of the pageant. They reluctantly left the clear, cool water of the river and started back toward the town. As they passed the mill they were surprised to see two figures emerge from the sagging doorway; one was Miller, the other a man unknown to any of the boys. Miller's quick eye detected them instantly. He left his companion to join them.

"Well, boys," he said, "you have a fine day for the show. I hope you are all ready. This mill is a curious old place, isn't it? It is the most picturesque thing in the town; I only wish we could have had part of our pageant here. I was just talking with my friend here about getting some photographs. He has come up from Boston to take some pictures of our floats."

They chatted as they walked along toward the village, and the visiting photographer, who had not joined them, was quite forgotten.

After a hasty lunch Shiner assembled his crew aboard the Panther, gave them their final instructions, inspected their costumes, and then went over to help Joe harness the doctor's two stout farm horses to the hayrack which bore the pirate float.

In the meantime, the other floats and groups in the procession were gathering. Miller managed the whole thing very skillfully and little by little assembled them in their proper order.

The village band was to head the procession. Then came Silas Pingree, who by reason of being chairman of the board of selectmen had been appointed honorary grand marshal. He now appeared resplendent in a colonial costume, cocked hat and high riding boots, and with considerable difficulty mounted his waiting horse, which had been loaned by the rural mail-carrier for the occasion. As he settled himself somewhat insecurely in the saddle, the leader of the band flourished his baton and they began

the first sonorous chords of "Onward, Christian Soldiers." The mail-carrier's horse acted instantly. Unaccustomed to surroundings of such grandeur and unfamiliar with the strains of martial music, he was last seen rounding the northeast corner of the courthouse with the honorary grand marshal insecurely draped around his neck.

The band was hushed and a relief expedition hastily organized. The grand marshal was found seated at the rear of the courthouse with his wig somewhat disarranged and his costume somewhat damaged. At a point farther down the road his horse, no longer encumbered by his rider, was grazing quietly. He was caught and brought back, and once more the marshal took his place. The band, however, was cautioned to postpone further music until absolutely necessary.

Having returned the grand marshal to his proper place, Miller now arranged the rest of the procession. Behind the marshal there was a group of friendly Indians represented by boys in the town not identified with the Panther, carrying presents of corn and other vegetables for the early settlers. Then came in sequence representations of the outstanding episodes in the town's history. Miss Abigail stood somewhat uncertainly upon a lurching hayrack as Columbia heralding a new day and a new type of civilization. A tiny red schoolhouse appeared on another float, with the principal of the high school standing with open book in hand before a doorway much too small for him to enter. The various early industries of the town were represented, and the procession concluded with a highly imaginative float depicting the activities of the country-side.

THE procession started, the band once more essayed "Onward, Christian Soldiers," and the mail-carrier's horse, having demonstrated his youth and high spirits, contented himself with walking sedately behind the band without further protest. The entire procession was carried through without any difficulty whatever except that over the entire extent of its route the chief marshal was unwillingly obliged by his



"Have you seen Miller?" Joe asked. "No," said Shiner. "He's gone!" Joe shouted. "He's vamoosed with the coin!"

mount to leave the line of march and go to every mail box in the village, where he stood motionless for a few minutes before rejoining the procession a little farther down the line. As the procession arrived once more at the village green and passed the grandstand to receive the plaudits of the multitude, the grand marshal brought up the rear, having with great difficulty prevented his unwilling horse from making a permanent stop at the post office.

The day's festivities were to close with a dance in the town hall, which enlisted the interest of everybody, both old and young. Shiner and several of his pirate crew, still in their costumes, were standing on the steps when Miss Abigail joined them and asked

if they had seen Mr. Miller. He had had an appointment with her earlier in the evening in the town treasurer's office to turn over the proceeds of the day. He had failed to keep his appointment, and Miss Abigail was greatly concerned.

While she was talking with the boys, Shiner saw a shadowy figure racing down the street. As it approached he recognized Joe, who stopped some little distance from the steps and beckoned to him. Shiner joined him and found a breathless and excited man.

"Have you seen Miller?" he asked.

"No," said Shiner. "Miss Abigail was just asking for him."

"He's gone!" Joe shouted. "He's vamoosed with the coin! I saw him. That

photographer feller picked him up in a buggy, and the last I saw of them they were headed out on the Lanesboro Road."

The news traveled like wildfire, and in a moment the town hall was in turmoil. Silas Pingree, still smarting under the embarrassments of the afternoon, declared it was just what he expected. Miss Abigail's embarrassment knew no bounds.

It was all too true. The great day had been, barring some minor accidents, the greatest in the town's history, but as the hour of midnight struck from the Congregational church everyone realized that their bills were still unpaid and that the library fund would receive no addition.

TO BE CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.

IN the starlit October dusk the young minister and his still younger wife paced the streets of their Trumansville. They loved this hour, for it was the hour that always witched back even after twelve months' experience the first glamour of their parish.

"Ted," whispered Pauline, "it's sort of strange that you and I should be walking so—so together—past so many all-alone houses."

"Forget 'em," growled Edwin, suddenly resentful of this intrusion of other people's grim lives upon Pauline's budding youth, as if some blast of winter had touched her daffodil curls. "Forget 'em!"

"I can't. Somehow this fall you and I seem to grow happier every week, as if little buds and leaves were pushing up all over us, but yet I can't ever forget our all-alones. I suppose there are lots of villages like this one, so old and with the young people always going away, and houses empty that used to chatter. There's old Phipps down there in his shanty that looks like a tumble of shoe boxes, and three doors beyond is old Major Pettibone, too blind to look out any more at his mother's old garden."

"He's got you, and so has Phipps. It took him six hours to mend the kitchen doorknob with you inside the door."

"And old Mrs. Tell at the end of the street, all alone with old Dick's picture on the wall."

"How long did you spend with Mrs. Tell and that picture yesterday afternoon?"

"Only three hours."

"Paul, see here! I'm not for having you squeezed dry by this old parish! Not any longer! Not now! Let's talk about food. I'm hungry, but I can't rip away from stars like these! Let's take a dish of stars home for supper."

"O Teddy, you and I always have stars for supper and sun for breakfast, but our all-alones don't! Look right now up at Two Turrets. Mrs. Rader is somewhere in there."

"By the way, she sent you a message that she's going to fix her flower beds for winter tomorrow, and wants you to come over."

THE next afternoon, an afternoon crisp and golden, saw Pauline and her flying blue cape and her bobbing yellow curls beneath Edwin's peaked gray cap all tripping down leaf-strewn Main Street and up the

Nailed Up

By WINIFRED KIRKLAND

Illustrated by ERNEST GREEN

bricked walk of Callie Rader's home, where old Phipps pushed a wheelbarrow to and fro.

Caroline Rader straightened up from a flower bed extending beside the bricked walk and met Pauline with her long, still gaze.

"I sometimes think," Pauline had once explained to Edwin, "that she never really talks except to flowers. But I think she sort of likes to have me there to listen."

Mrs. Rader's black sweater and trim skirt of homespun were immaculate in spite of her muddy toil. She held a trowel in one gloved hand, while with the other she pushed forward the wooden stool that was always ready to welcome Pauline. Pauline made no offer to help, knowing that no woman wants any other woman to share in putting her babies to bed, especially when those babies are daffodils. Even as far as the neighboring city of Bayliss, Two Turrets was famous for its daffodils. People drove out in the spring and stopped their cars to gaze.

Against the crooning monotone of Mrs. Rader's voice golden names stood out.

"Come now, dear, to the front beds, under the windows, nearest to the house; those are the finest, highest, brightest daffodils of all I've got—the king's crown. They'll bloom the latest of all, and the best."

But as they turned to trudge up toward the house, and she slipped into the crook of Mrs. Rader's black-sweatered elbow a small hand brave as some rootlet pushing through winter soil, there swept over Pauline the old chill realization. She knew what all the countryside knew, that every spring, from the morning the first buds of the peep o' day pushed up, downy bright, to the morning the last proud king's crown shriveled to brown, every curtain in Two Turrets was tight drawn. Somewhere within, throughout every springtime, sat Callie Rader, unable to face her own daffodils.

OLD PHIPPS continued to rumble genially to and fro, and the bright afternoon dropped into a golden sunset, in which, al-

most before you knew it, a few stars began to twinkle merrily. But Pauline's little stool had turned grave, for it faced now the path across the side gate. Beyond that gate, both front yard and back of the next house presented a sharp contrast to Callie Rader's neat lawn and flower beds and clipped trees. The other side of the fence looked discouraged but dogged. So did a small valiant figure that now opened Sarah Olcott's street gate, and, tired all over from a day in the millinery shop, drove its steps hurriedly up the weed-grown walk and into the shabby old cottage. There was no look or word of greeting over the fence. While Pauline's thoughts were on Sarah Olcott inside the little house, her eyes were on Sarah's yard, a sad sort of yard. In spring and summer it was mellowed by uncut grass, but in October it lay raw and brown. Near the kitchen door, a cistern long unused and long uncovered gaped black. As Pauline stood up to say good-by she wished for the hundredth time that it were possible for her to run over to Sarah's along that side path which in the spring would be bordered by swaying golden bells. But the path ended at a gate which on Mrs. Rader's side was nailed shut.

As she thought of her next parish call of that afternoon, Pauline grasped Mrs. Rader's leather-gloved wrists.

Nobody knew why everybody, sooner or later, always told Pauline everything. People really never meant to; they held back for months, and then one day they found themselves looking into clear, pitying eyes beneath gold curls, saw a long blue cape flowing down from young shoulders, and suddenly heard themselves yielding up some old bitter pent-up story and felt themselves eased of old pain, as naturally as if they had been little children. Yet no one ever meant to bring shadows beneath Pauline's eyes. That was why no one ever told her about Daffy. Pauline had asked no questions; she had merely waited for the story of the locked gate.

Sarah Olcott's sharp dried-apple face unpuckered in the lamplight. Her voice was purged of its daytime stridency.

"Callie Rader and I—Callie Cummings before she married—were chums from five years old, but different, so that we had our fights often enough, and our make-ups oftener. She was rich, you know, had it safe and easy always; and she was always quiet and sure. And neat! Always she was tried by my being careless and in a hurry. She grew up beautiful, too, and me—not so different from now, sharp and puckery, and worried with things getting poorer all the time and me never able to pull out of the millinery business and get off and have a try at improving the family luck. I was naturally venturesome, though home-tied always."

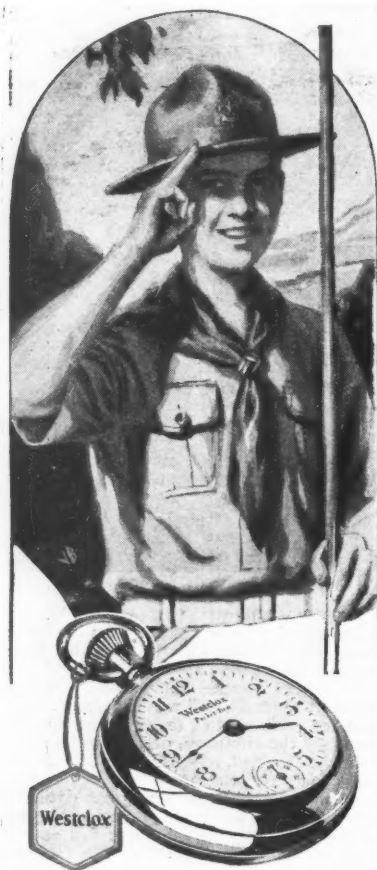
"Steve Rader was naturally venturesome, too, but never Callie. Steve Rader, well, you understand how it was—Callie got Steve, and I—I didn't. But that—yes, it was all right. Only when they put up a fine house with a fine name, Two Turrets, right next to ours that was sagging down in its seat, why, Callie and me, we had our same old spats now and then. I'd hate how she'd hold back Steve from being venturesome. She tried to stop him from going on that canoe trip, you know."

A pause. It was a moment before Sarah managed to say, "You've heard about that canoe trip, when Steve got—"

"Yes."

"But I thought, anyway Callie's still got his baby, a year old then. His name was Steve, too, but we called him Daffy because of his hair and his sunny ways. Callie was always crazy over daffodils. Well, the next two years things settled down again, as they've got to, you know; only child habits will hang on in spite of all, so that, now and again, Callie'd get after me, in her quiet way, about the looks of my place. How could I keep it up, with father and mother so feeble, and me at the millinery? Especially Callie didn't like my leaving the cistern uncovered so long after getting it cleaned out. And I got mad and wouldn't shut it up—not for a while. But oh, I meant to! I meant to!"

"Then, of course, I was awfully fond of Daffy. And Callie was always so afraid he'd hurt himself. Why, before he could walk she'd high latches put on all the gates. She'd never let him climb. And I—I kind of egged him on to be like his father, venturesome."



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But oh, I never thought he'd ever climb the gate! It's twenty years next April, since he climbed."

STILLNESS in the room. The lamp gave a little gulp. Then somehow the long blue cape was enfolding Sarah, and the rest she was telling, in little torn pieces, on Pauline's shoulder.

"Anyway, he fell in the cistern so quick he couldn't have known he was hurt—I couldn't speak to her though, nor she to me, never since that day.

"It was two weeks after that, and daffodil

Ted will drive over to see me every day."

"When the peep o' day comes out, I'll send a bunch over with him."

"Unless I'm back before the peep o' day. I'm only staying long enough, you know, to meet—a guest."

"Dearie, couldn't you stop a few days with me when you come back, just until you can get the parsonage ready—for company?"

"It's all ready now," said Pauline, "if only Ted doesn't muss it up." She did not add that all the other lonely houses had offered her the same invitation.

The next day all Trumansville watched



Mrs. Rader held a trowel in one gloved hand, while with the other she pushed forward the wooden stool that was always ready to welcome Pauline

time, when I heard hammering. I looked out and saw old Phipps nailing the gate shut. Then I looked over to Two Turrets and saw every shade drawn down, like they always are now over there, every spring. And I've kept the cistern like it was, so that I'd never forget what I did—to Callie."

After the blue cape and the yellow curls sped home that night, Sarah Olcott slept as peacefully as Callie Rader's bedded daffodils.

It was a long, black-cold winter in Trumansville. In the parsonage Edwin lugged armfuls of wood to feed the ravening parlor fireplace.

In the heart of ice-bound Trumansville the parlor fireplace of the parsonage was warm with hopes that, like the sparks, sailed up the black maw of the chimney and beyond, up to the stars.

Spring had to fight her way step by step against winter that year. Sometimes she'd seem secure, and would sweep the pavements dry, and dimple the lawns with spots of green; then back would come the snow and the frosted panes. But in late March there came a week wonderful in promise, and on one evening of that week Pauline and Edwin once again went pacing along the streets of their Trumansville. The stark boughs were growing soft with pushing buds, and the stars had the clean-washed look of early spring. Pauline was paying a few good-by calls before making a short trip to Bayliss. In the glow of Sarah Olcott's fat pink lamp, she looked into the sharp black eyes. "Only a little good-by," she said; "only a little while, and only as far as Bayliss."

"And we'll take good care of our minister," Sarah assured her, "until you get back."

Then out and down Sarah's long walk, and along the street, and then in and up Callie Rader's long walk, and Pauline was standing beneath the chandelier in the hallway of Two Turrets, looking up into Mrs. Rader's face.

"Only over to Bayliss for a little while.

Pauline go off to the Bayliss hospital in the Ford beside Edwin.

THEN, in just one week, Trumansville was in the grip of the sharpest cold of all the Marches that anyone could remember. But it was not the cold that one afternoon froze every heart in Pauline's parish. The news came in answer to many an inquiring telephone, long distance to Bayliss. Mrs. Rader had the news among the first. She had taken down the receiver all aglow. That crisp official voice from Bayliss was unbelievable. Yes, unbelievable. Callie Rader sank into a chair and sat as motionless as if she had been carved from marble or from ice. The grandfather's clock in the silent hall swung its long pendulum to and fro, click-tick, click-tick, click-tick. Five minutes. Ten minutes. At last movement returned. She sprang up, hurried through the hall, fumbled the door open, and flew along the sidepath. She tugged at the gate. What ailed it that it did not open? Then she remembered.

But Sarah would be coming home soon from the millinery shop. Down to the front gate hurried Callie Rader, to watch for Sarah. She came at last, pushing tired feet to haste, as always. Her brown face was a queer shriveled white.

"Sadie, Sadie, have you heard?"

"Everybody's heard, Callie."

"The same thing?"

"The same thing. Seems she just lies there—breathing."

"Sadie, come inside. I can't stand it, alone!"

"Nor me."

"Come inside."

"Callie, don't take it—don't take it so still! She wouldn't want you to. Callie, look, there's gold yonder, in that border!"

"Must be the first peep o' day. The sun must have brought it out this morning. But the frost tonight will kill it."

"Maybe not! Maybe not!" said Sarah;

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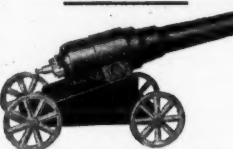
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then as their heavy feet plodded to the open front door she added in a whisper, "Pray God not! Pray God not!"

For the next five days a pitiless telephone reported hour by hour steadily: "No change." "A trifle better." "No change." "A slight improvement." "No change." "A little weaker." "No change." On the second of those five days Callie Rader went along the side path, carrying her pronged hammer. The rusty nails shrieked and resisted, but she wrenched them out and set the gate ajar, for at any moment news might come that would drive her, broken, to Sarah, valiant, unbreakable little Sarah. On the fourth of those five days Mrs. Rader summoned old Phipps and, pointing to the open gate, and beyond, gave certain directions. It required many trips of the wheelbarrow to obey them.

On the sixth day, late in the afternoon, two women, looking out of their front windows, saw something to send each one of them flying down her front path to the street. They met as they hailed the ministerial Ford, chugging slowly on its way.

"Mr. Cartright—why?"

"I'm on my way to Mrs. Tell's. Before she went to Bayliss Pauline made me promise not to forget Mrs. Tell's rheumatism."

"And Pauline herself?"

"She's still—" He forced it out at last, "She's still here. That's—that's all."

"And the baby?"

"Oh, the baby's fine." The voice was lifeless. At that moment Edwin could hardly forgive the baby for having come at all.

"Come in," commanded Sarah.

Sarah on his right, Mrs. Rader on his left, Edwin moved up to the open door of Two Turrets.

"We're here, you know, Mr. Cartright," said Sarah. "Whatever happens to any of you three, remember we're all here."

Even on the seventh day, still that pitiless "No change." But in the afternoon things began to happen. All day the sky had been soft and fleecy and the wind warm. The yellow gloves of the peep o' day seemed to swell while you watched, and the golden bells along the side path showed glints of coming brightness. At last the telephone relented and with a catch in the official voice said, "Better. Yes, at last we think there's hope."

Day by day, little by little, the telephone grew kinder.

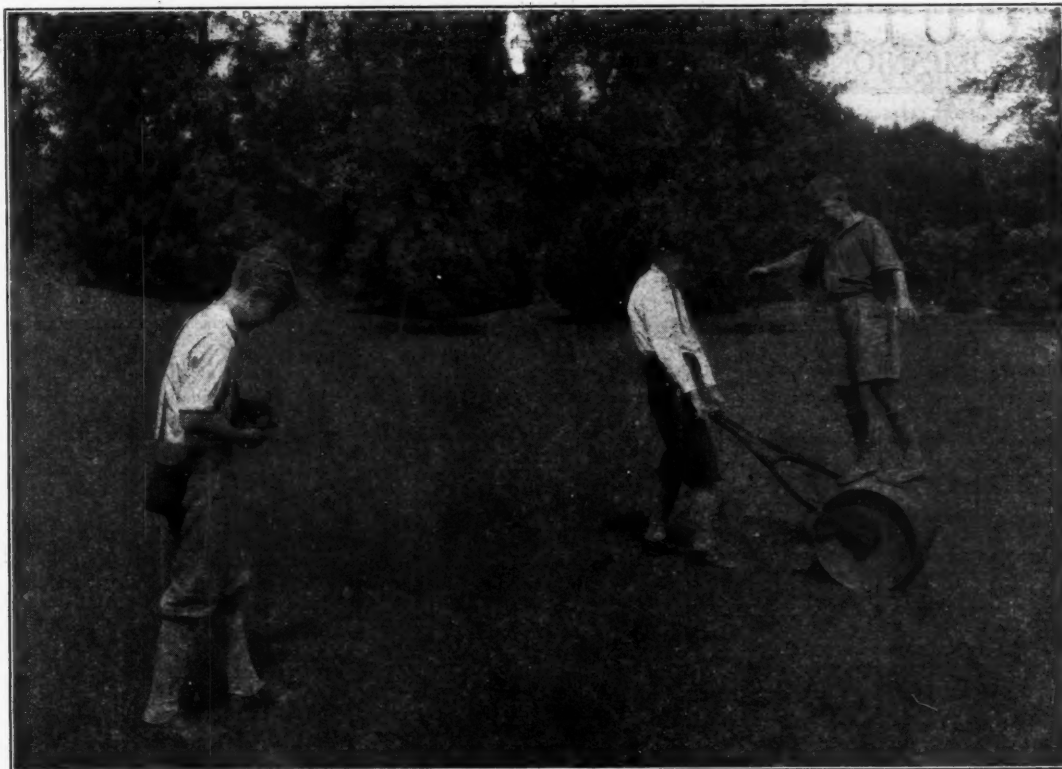
"If she lasts till the king's crown comes," Callie said to Sarah, "she'll come back to us, safe."

Who would dream three weeks could form so long a tunnel to spring? But at last there came a time when spring and Pauline and daffodils seemed to blossom all at once into confident strength. And the voice at the Bayliss end of the telephone seemed to change, too, into that of some unknown woman who had learned to understand Pauline. "Still weak, of course, but safe now, and begging to go home so that the baby may see the daffodils. She misses you all. It might be better if she could go back to you, provided there's some one there to take care of her for a few weeks longer."

"There is some one," answered Callie Rader. There were many, really, but without a dissent all the other lonely houses gave Pauline to Two Turrets.

The freakishness of that spring brought it about that on the last day of April the daffodils, which in ordinary weather would have bloomed in succession, all burst out at once. Two Turrets looked as if the sun had exploded in little pieces all over the lawn. In a round bed the nuggets blazed like pirate gold. Along the walk, the low, pale yellow peep o' day made a streak like a procession of downy chicks of downy-headed babies. By the side fence the pride of the sun flowed in a shining stream. Above, beneath the open front windows, the king's crown burned in splendor. But it was on none of these blossoms that Pauline's eyes shone as Silas Putney's limousine glided to the front gate, and, wearing her long blue cape and clasping a squirming white bundle, she peered out from her cushions on the back seat. Of the welcoming group, old Phipps was the first to follow her gaze, toward the latest achievement of himself and his wheelbarrow, for Pauline was looking up the slope. Her eyes followed the swaying golden bells along the side path, then gazed on through the open gate to where, for twenty years the empty cistern had gaped black. Now in place of that yawning hole there flashed a mass of daffodils—some of every variety, from the tiny peep o' day to the lordly king's crown, all burning together in one great gold disc.

"Ted, Ted," cried Pauline, "uncover his eyes quick! Lift him up! Let David see, first of all, Sarah's daffodils!"



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FACT AND COMMENT

THE time clock never taught a man to work. It neither measures service nor fosters self-respect. The honest workman does not need it; the dishonest workman will find a way to beat it. There is no substitute for conscientiousness.

ON THE 150TH ANNIVERSARY of Henry Clay's birth, last April, work began on the erection of a statue of the great American statesman in Caracas, Venezuela. South America still remembers the services he rendered it when he spoke in the United States House of Representatives, demanding that we recognize the revolting colonies of Spain. He is as much a hero to the Venezuelans as Lord Chatham or Colonel Barré were heroes to our own forefathers.

THE GREATEST OF BOOK COLLECTORS was Richard Heber, an Englishman who died almost a hundred years ago. He is said to have owned 150,000 books, many of them of great variety. His library in London filled eight houses; when it was sold at auction the sale lasted more than six months and brought over \$250,000. Heber is the man who said that every gentleman ought to own three copies of any good book, one for show, one for use, and one to lend.

PEACE WITH FRANCE

ON April 6, 1927, the tenth anniversary of the formal declaration by which the United States entered the Great War on the side of the Allies, M. Briand, the French minister of foreign affairs, sent a message of friendship and good will to the people of this country, through the Associated Press. In the course of this message he made a rather extraordinary proposal, the importance of which seems hardly to have been grasped even by those whose interest in public affairs and in the movement for peace between the nations is most constant and intelligent.

M. Briand told the people of the United States that France was ready to negotiate a treaty with this country that would definitely renounce war as a possible means of settling any disputes that might arise between the two nations. He promised on his part that France would "outlaw" war so far as the United States was concerned, if we were ready to do the same thing with regard to France.

M. Briand is a thoroughly practical statesman, whose sincere devotion to the cause of peace and a better understanding between the nations is fully recognized in Europe. He occupies a responsible place in the government of France, and it is certain that he did not make this proposal without the knowledge and consent of his colleagues in the Cabinet. He does not ask the United States to enter the League of Nations or commit itself in any way to any European concert of nations whatever. He merely asks us whether we are willing to engage ourselves not to go to war with his own country, and to settle any misunderstandings we may in the future have with France by the peaceful methods of negotiation or arbitration.

This is the most hopeful suggestion in the direction of peace we have heard. It seems to be admitted that the pacification of the entire world is at the present moment impossible, though we may cherish it as something to be striven for and attained in

the future. But a compact between two free and naturally friendly peoples to outlaw war as between themselves is possible. The thing can be done if we of the United States are willing to do it. Such a treaty would not only be of the greatest value to the two nations directly concerned, but it would set an example that might soon be followed by other nations similarly convinced of the futility and folly of war.

M. Briand's proposal ought to commend itself at once to the hearts of the American people, and particularly to those who are sincerely interested in advancing the cause of international peace. It is surprising that it did not meet with an immediate response from the public men, the press and the intelligent thought of the United States.

WHAT SHALL WE LEAVE?

ON the first of January of this year the New York Times began to print two hundred copies of each issue on an expensive quality of rag paper. Each copy will be preserved in the archives of some library or historical association, in order that future generations may have an authentic record of our times. Ordinary news-print paper goes to pieces in a few years.

It was a fine public spirit that prompted the Times to make the small special edition, but the incident suggests some interesting reflections. How long will any record of our civilization last? What are we doing and what could we do to show the ages that are to come after us the achievements of our era?

The last few hundred years have been marked by great mechanical inventions and the building of wonderful machines, but how are we going to explain a watch or a sewing machine or a radio set or an incandescent lamp to those who will dwell on the earth a thousand years from now? Most of the materials that enter into those things are perishable. Iron and steel rust, brass corrodes. Silver reacts to acids. If we leave mechanical drawings and descriptions, on what material shall they be set down, and in what medium? Paper perishes, ink fades, pigments disintegrate. Such written records of early ages as have come down to us owe their survival to their having been written on more enduring material than paper, and to their having remained in dry climates.

Working models, made to scale, would, of course, be the most easily comprehended record of some of our great mechanical achievements, but is there anything but gold and platinum and some of the other precious minerals of which they could be made, and is there any way in which descriptions of them could be handed down except by engraving them on tablets of gold or on surfaced clay, subsequently to be baked? Is the *stylus*, which was man's first implement of writing, to be also his last one?

The subscribers to The Youth's Companion in the year A.D. 3000, will doubtless be greatly interested in the rag paper edition of the New York Times of 1927, if any means can be found to preserve it until their day, but will they know anything about the marvelous machine on which it was printed?

FARMING PROFITS

SOME of our readers who follow the occupation of a farmer have made courteous criticism of some recent editorials in The Youth's Companion about rich profits made by certain fortunate growers of potatoes and apples. Their point—and it is a good one—is that such profits are altogether exceptional, and that our editorial notice of them may mislead people into thinking that a lot of money can be made in farming by anyone who is industrious and intelligent.

One of our correspondents, who writes an especially good-humored and interesting letter, tells us how he once got the name of "peanut king" in his Southern community by getting a crop of a hundred bushels of Spanish peanuts off a single acre, though he has never since been able to get more than twenty bushels to the acre, and some years has not even got back his seed!

It is true that there is a lot of luck in farming, and quite as much bad luck as good luck. We are sorry if we have made anybody think that agriculture is a sure-fire road to wealth. It isn't. And, though intelligent farmers who use fertilizer wisely, who think out and adopt the most economical methods of production, and who adapt their operations shrewdly to the probable condition of their markets, succeed where hazardous or unprogressive farmers fail, it is

unfortunately a fact that in some years not even the most intelligent farming will show a profit. Weather, insect pests and exceptional crops in other sections or in other countries often combine to upset the best-laid plans of the best of farmers.

In the early days of our country, farming was simply a means of livelihood, like carpentry, or blacksmithing. As a means of livelihood it was usually successful then, and it is usually successful now, though the livelihood is not an easy one, and is attained by constant labor. But farming for profits, "business farming," is an adventure, a speculation, and no doubt it always will be. Conditions just now are not favorable to it. The cotton growers contend with the disposition of women to wear as little cotton clothing as possible. The wheat growers find that wheat bread is not eaten so generally or so liberally as before the war. Farmers everywhere know that transportation and all kinds of manufactured articles are high because organized labor is able to keep wages up. Farm help is scarce and expensive. In many parts of the country land is overpriced and the charges for interest and taxes are too high. It takes no little shrewdness and some luck to keep the red ink out of the balance sheet.

But most farmers get along, though few grow wealthy; and conditions will not always work against the agriculturist. Meanwhile, cooperative arrangements to take the waste out of marketing, and to keep acreage down so as to put prices up to a notch where crops will pay well, are indicated. If farming is to become a money-making business, it must take lessons of the businesses that make money.

THIS BU WORLD

A Weekly Summary of Current Events

FOR SAFETY IN FLYING

FATAL accidents in flying are still far too numerous, and it is admitted that until a greater degree of safety in flight is attained the progress of aviation will be delayed if not wholly checked. The Guggenheim Fund for the Promotion of Aeronautics has announced that it will offer a grand prize of \$100,000 and other prizes of \$10,000 each for inventors who can before October 31, 1929, demonstrate the greatest improvements in airplane construction leading to increased safety in flight and in landing. At present the speed at which a plane must land and which it must attain before taking off are far too great, and the length of run necessary at both rising and landing is consequently excessive. The gliding angle is also so flat that it makes landing difficult except in extremely wide spaces, and there is no way of controlling or maintaining the stability of a plane the engine of which is stalled. All these problems must be studied and at least partially solved by competitors for the Guggenheim prize.

A LIVELY SESSION

THE British Parliament is in for an exciting, perhaps a history-making, session. The government has introduced a bill making general strikes absolutely unlawful and imposing certain restrictions on the activities of the trade unions and on their authority over their members. The Labor party is up in arms against this legislation, and the scene when the bill was introduced reminded veteran observers of the stormy sessions of Parliament years ago when the Irish question was at its height. The bill will pass, since the Conservatives have an impregnable majority, but it is believed that it will weaken the party in the nation. The government has promised to pass a bill giving the franchise to women at twenty-one instead of at thirty years of age, but it will not be introduced until next fall.

ANTI-COMMUNISM IN CHINA

THE Northern Chinese government at Peking, which Chang Tso-lin controls, is doing its best to stamp out Communism and the influence of Soviet Russia in its territories. Twenty-four Chinese Communists who were captured when soldiers seized the Russian embassy at Peking have been executed by strangling. In the South Chiang Kai-shek has moved an army of eighty thousand men toward Hankow with the intention of overthrowing the Communist influence in the government of Southern China, represented by the Russian Borodin.

It appears that Russian propagandists and Chinese converts to Communism have underestimated the inertia of the Chinese people, who are by no means ready to accept so radical a philosophy as Marxian Communism from the West. It is said that Chang Tso-lin is taking over the entire control of the Chinese Eastern Railway, hitherto operated partly by Russia and partly by China.

OUR FOREIGN POLICY

PRESIDENT COOLIDGE'S speech at the banquet of the United Press, in which he declared that the United States must feel and exercise some responsibility for order and good government to the southward, though it must do so without any infringement on the political independence of Central America, has led to a great deal of discussion in the press and on the platform. The President put this policy of oversight and protection more frankly than it has heretofore been expressed, but it is recognized that for several years our administrations have acted upon it whenever there has been disorder or maladministration in the countries bordering on the Caribbean. Those who oppose it do so on the ground that it inevitably leads in the direction of imperialism and exposes the United States to the danger of disputes that may end in war. It is interesting to see that President Calles says he was pleased with the speech, so far as it related to Mexico; certain expressions of the President hinted at an approaching settlement of our differences with that country.

AMONG THE AIRMEN

LIEUT. COMMANDER NOEL DAVIS and Lieut. Stanton Wooster, two of the Navy pilots who were preparing to take part in the New York-Paris flight, were killed when their plane crashed to earth near Hampton, Virginia. The best opinion is that the plane was too heavily loaded to make its proper navigation possible. The "good-will" fliers, army pilots who have made a 20,000-mile journey through Central and South America and the West Indies, returned to Washington early in May. Two of the party were killed in a collision of airplanes at Buenos Aires in March; the other eight returned safely.

INCOME TAX FIGURES

THE report of the Income Tax Bureau for 1925 is out. It indicates an increasing collection of the tax from the wealthiest part of the nation as a result of the changes made in the law in 1925. It states that there were 207 incomes of over \$1,000,000 as against only 75 for 1924. According to the figures, \$731,377,191 was collected from 2,334,823 individuals, and \$1,101,657,078 was collected from 244,544 corporations. It is estimated by the bureau that eighty-two per cent of the people are unaffected by the income-tax law, and that ninety-five per cent of the total tax is paid by less than a third of one per cent of the population.

MISCELLANY

Historic Calendar



June 1, 1879

Prince Louis Napoleon killed by Zulus.

ONCE deemed the heir to France, an emperor's pride,
But born beneath a star of evil omen,
He fought below an alien flag and died
Beneath the assaigais of savage foemen.
ARTHUR GUITERMAN

HIS INVESTMENT

The Companion's Religious Article

ONE Sunday morning some fifteen years ago a middle-aged man took his accustomed seat in church a little reluctantly, for he saw that the service was to be con-



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See how easy it is! Read the simple directions, look at the charts and pictures, take your Harmonica, hold it as shown and *blow-draw, blow-draw*. In a short time you will master the scale; and when you can play the scale you will soon be playing favorite melodies to the delight of yourself and friends.

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The Hohner "Marine Band" is the World's Greatest Harmonica Value at 50c.



See Miles Away! Distant people and objects seen close. Wonder telescope opens 1-2 ft. long. 5 sections, brass bound, powerful lenses. C. Palmer writes: "See numbers on cars mile away; see mountains on moon." All pleased. Eye Piece to view the Sun. Carrying case. Strap and Solar Sports. **Free!** **SEND NO MONEY!** On arrival pay Postman \$1.55 plus postage. (2 for \$3.00) Money back guarantee. **FERRY & CO., Dept. 1503, CHICAGO, U.S.A.** Views

ROSE COLD THE CAUSE and CURE HAY-FEVER ASTHMA Get Dr. Hayes' 80-page book with reports from former sufferers who have been cured at home and have stayed cured for from 5 to 30 years after following the Hayes Method of constitutional treatment. Sent FREE to any applicant with blank for free examination. Address: **P. HAROLD HAYES, M.D., Buffalo, N. Y.** and ask for Bulletin Y-273.

You can be quickly cured, if you STAMMER Send in cents for 238-page book on Stammering and Stuttering. "Its Cause and Cure." It tells how I cured myself after stammering 20 yrs. **S. H. Bogue, 3911 Bogue Bldg., 1117 N. Ill. St., Indianapolis**

No Joke to STAMMER Successful. Master perfect speech. Win happiness. Send for full information and special phonograph record. Dime covers postage. **157 Stimson, The Lewis Institute, Detroit**

Auto Flag Clusters June 14 marks the 15th Anniversary of Flag Day. Are you ready to display Old Glory? Order now to assure delivery in season for Flag Day.

Quickly adjusted to radiator cap of any car and easily removed. Folds forward to permit filling radiator. Holder decorated with U. S. shield in colors. Complete with five spear-head fast color flags, size 4 by 6 inches. Set complete. **66c**

The Y. C. Shop 8 Arlington St. Boston, Mass.

ducted by the assistant pastor, a young man in whom he had discovered no special gifts of mind or graces of delivery. It promised to be a dull morning.

But the young preacher read briefly from that impressively simple last chapter of John: "Simon Peter, Son of Jonas, lovest thou me more than these?" "Lord, thou knowest that I love thee." "Feed my lambs." And in that command of Christ he found the text for a sermon that was merely a plea for the Sunday school—a plea for teachers, especially for educated men, capable of handling boys.

It was a simple address, but made with so much earnestness and sincerity and with such evident depth of feeling that to the half-unwilling listener in the pew it came with almost the force of a direct personal call from the Master himself. So vivid was the impression that, although he tried to think of valid reasons why he should hold back, that inexorable question, "Lovest thou me?" and the inescapable command, "Feed my lambs," kept whispering in his ears. At the end of the service he went up and offered himself as a teacher.

They gave him a class of high-school boys; fine young fellows, but high-spirited and full of mischief. The lesson papers that they were using were antiquated and dull, and the boys had fallen into a listless and unresponsive attitude of mind. It took time and thought and work to put new life into them, but the man did it. He was an educated man, an unusually interesting talker, and he possessed the rare gift of being able to make others see the pictures in his own mind. He encouraged the boys to apply the lessons of the Bible to affairs of the day, and he discussed freely with them matters of business ethics, capital and labor, and politics and education and sport; and at least once a week some of them were pretty sure to call at his house and spend the evening with him in the little shop where he found his diversion in wood-working; and on Saturdays there were often hikes in the woods or brief camping trips.

It was not all plain sailing. There were doubts and discouragements, so that the man sometimes questioned whether he was really accomplishing much; but when the news came that he had entered the war, and the call went out for volunteers, he had his reward, for before the class met again ten of the twelve members had offered themselves to their country.

The teacher would be the last man to attribute their action to anything that he had said or done, but those who have seen the attitude of his "old boys" toward him know better. They know that the years he has spent as a Sunday-school teacher have been the most profitable investment of his time that he has ever made—profitable to him, in that it has kept him young in his interests and outlook; profitable to the boys, to whom he has given that vision without which the people perish; and profitable to the community for which he has raised a crop of men.

WHAT IS YOUR SCORE?

1. Who was the author of the Declaration of Independence?
2. In what country of Africa did Napoleon Bonaparte conduct a military campaign?
3. Who was "the little gentleman in the brown velvet coat"?
4. What is the principal river of Italy?
5. What character in the Bible has become regarded as the personification of patience?
6. Name three of the five most common varieties of hens in the United States.
7. What is a "horsepower"?
8. What is the name of the venerable castle sometimes called the heart of Russia?
9. Which is more valuable, gold or platinum?
10. What is the temperature of the human body in health?
11. Among what people did the game of lacrosse originate?
12. What is the capital of Switzerland?
13. Who wrote (a) "Treasure Island," (b) "The Mysterious Island"?
14. Is Beethoven famous for writing operas, symphonies, or oratorios?
15. What is the national emblem of Scotland?
16. Did the ancient Romans use the same symbols for numbers that we do? If not, what did they use?
17. Why do we put alcohol into the water in an automobile radiator in winter?
18. Where is the most famous golf course in the world?

(Continued on page 385)



SCHOOL days will soon be over. Whether you spend your vacation at home, at camp, at the shore, or in the country, you should have a bicycle—equipped, of course, with the New Departure Coaster Brake. Go to your nearest dealer today and see how easy it is to own one.

NEW DEPARTURE MFG. CO.
Bristol, Conn.

Send today for amusing New Departure Puzzle of the "Disappearing Chinaman."



NEW DEPARTURE

THE BRAKE WITH THE MIGHTY GRIP

Hits and Homers ~Plenty of Them~ In "Babe" Ruth's Bat

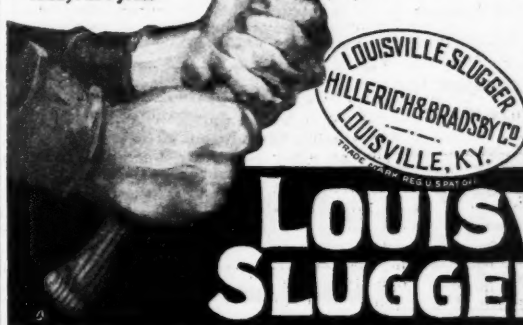
THERE is only one "Babe" Ruth. Home-runner champion; leading slugger; all-round player; friend of American boys! What a wallop is carried in that trusty Louisville Slugger he swings at the plate!

Do you know that "Babe" Ruth's exact model is sold by your local Louisville Slugger dealer? Not one "like" it—but the selfsame bat Ruth himself has made in our factories. His facsimile signature burnt in the barrel end, and the Louisville Slugger oval trademark, identify it as genuine. There are hits and homers—plenty of them—in Ruth's bat for you, too. Hillerich & Bradsby Co., Incorporated, 462 Finzer Street, Louisville, Ky.

Free! Fascinating New Book "Famous Sluggers of 1926!"

Profusely illustrated with new pictures of your favorite teams and players. 32 large size pages. Best baseball book in years.

Write for your copy today. It's free.



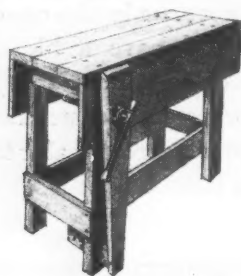
BABE RUTH
new owner
Hillerich & Bradsby Company
Louisville, Kentucky

Gentlemen:
I just saw the four dozen bats of my model which you sent for the Citizens Military Training Camps.
I certainly want to thank you for giving those bats and I know the boys around the country will be your friends.
So far as I am concerned, you know I am one of the most loyal users your bat has.
With best wishes,
"Babe" Ruth

A letter from Ruth. Above, Ruth, his arms filled with Louisville Sluggers Bats delivered by airplane to C. M. T. Camps last summer.
Ruth's bat is one of twelve "Autograph" models of famous players included in the Louisville Slugger line. Many other styles, too. See them all at your dealer's.

LOUISVILLE SLUGGER BATS

Make it yourself with Stanley Plan No. S72



Boys: 10¢ brings complete plans!

YOU can't do much with tools unless you have a work bench. Here is a way to get one at little cost. Stanley Plan No. S72-B shows what materials to order and how to "carry through" to the finishing touch.

Send today—

For fun and recreation there's nothing quite like "making things." The Stanley Plans shown below were prepared for amateur tool users.

Of course you need good tools to do your best work. Most carpenters use Stanley Tools. Practically every manual training class in the country uses them, too. Your hardware dealer sells Stanley Tools both separately and in sets. Stanley sets sell from \$5 to \$95.

Your hardware dealer has Plan No. S72-B as well as other Stanley Plans for making useful articles, or he can get them for you. The plans cost only 10¢ each. Ask him also for Catalog No. 34-B which shows the most complete line of wood-working tools on the market. It is free. If he cannot supply you write to The Stanley Works, New Britain, Connecticut.

Stanley Plans

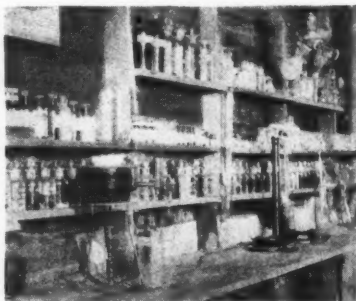
Buy separately or in assortments



There are 15 other plans. Ask for list.

The best tools are the cheapest to use. Ask your hardware dealer.

STANLEY TOOLS



79th Weekly \$5 Award

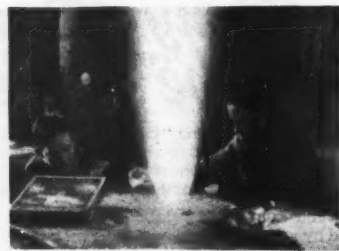
CHEMISTRY is a science which more and more is revealing its fascinations to members of the Lab. Perhaps this is only natural, for the progress of chemistry in the past decade has outstripped that of any other period in the history of the science. In particular, that border-line science known as physical chemistry, which, as its name implies, is partly physics and partly chemistry, has revealed many wonders which, although great, are destined to be surpassed by even more spectacular discoveries. All of which is an introduction to Member Ted Howe (17) of Berkeley, Calif., winner of this week's \$5.00 Award, for the extremely neat, well stocked, well equipped and well maintained chemical laboratory which you see pictured in this column.

Member Howe has not confined himself merely to routine experiments and analytical work, but has actually branched out into the synthesis of several materials on what is known usually as the "semi-plant scale." We quote from his own interesting communication:

"The photograph of my laboratory shows only about one-third of the shelves, tables, etc. The lab is the result of several years' work, collecting little by little the chemicals and apparatus which I need. Here I have worked on different branches of chemistry, principally metallurgical analysis, water, food, soil, etc. I have also set up small-scale apparatus for manufacturing sulphuric acid, hard and soft soaps, and bakelite.

"The nitric acid which I use I make myself, as I have access to a large quantity of crude sodium nitrate. Sulphuric acid used in the process costs only 5 cents the pound, and therefore I am able to make nitric acid in large quantities cheaply. Of course for experiments in which I require chemically pure nitric acid I use a market product which I buy in 7-lb. bottles.

"The photograph I took myself with an Eastman camera, using an exposure of one second and a flashlight powder which I made in my lab. It is a mixture of potassium chlorate and aluminum dust."



More chemical fascinations. Here is a photograph taken at the Experimental Lab during the process of testing the Porter Chemical Company's interesting product, Chemcraft. You will hear more of this later

How the Lab Can Help You

DESPITE its wide range of scientific interests and the manifold projects of all kinds which it is constantly developing, the Lab has not neglected the important consideration of the handicrafts. Here is a page which tells you of two modest but interesting projects easily within the range of any boy's constructional abilities. Every week the Director is asked for suggestions on what to make and how to make it. These two projects are as competent answers as one could hope to find. To boys interested in learning more of what the Lab can offer them, the Director suggests that they fill out and return to him the coupon below, which will promptly bring them all information regarding the Y. C. Lab.

Y. C. LAB ELECTION COUPON

The Director, Y. C. Lab
8 Arlington Street, Boston, Mass.

I am a boy . . . years of age, and am interested in creative and constructive work.

Send me full particulars of the Y. C. Lab, and an Election Blank upon which I may submit my name for Associate Membership.

Signature

Address

6-2



To secure this Membership Button, the first step is to use the coupon below

THE Y. C. LAB

The National Society for Ingenious Boys

Two Projects: a Magazine Rack and a Bookcase

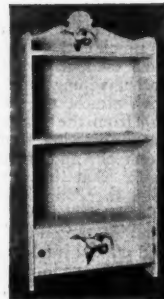
The Hanging Wall Bookcase

IT doesn't hold many volumes, for it is designed for compactness and convenience. It fits into any spare space on a wall and, of course, can be moved easily. The small cabinet at the bottom can be used to hold stationery or small odds and ends.

The making is simple, and the tools needed are few. Some soft pine or white wood $\frac{1}{4}$ in. thick is the only stock used. Cut out the back piece from one piece of wood. It should measure $31\frac{1}{2}$ in. from bottom to top at the center. The distance from the bottom to the ends should be 28 in. The width of this back piece should be 14 in. The sides should be 28 in. by 7 in. There are four pieces cut all the same for the shelves and cabinet, measuring $6\frac{1}{2}$ in. deep by 14 in. wide. They are nailed in at points measuring from the bottom $1\frac{1}{2}$ in., $4\frac{1}{2}$ in., 16 in. and $25\frac{1}{2}$ in. The points are for the bottom of the shelves.

The sides are nailed to the back; use $1\frac{1}{2}$ in. brads. Then the shelves are fitted in according to the points indicated above. Cut the door to the cabinet, getting as good a fit as possible without its binding. Two 1-in. hinges are used. A brass knob you can get at the hardware dealer's. A ball catch can be put in on the bottom of the door, so it will close in the right place and stay closed.

Soft woods look better enameled than plain varnished. The one shown here is done in Primrose, a creamy yellow, and is very attractive. The flying geese were sketched on free hand and painted with black-oil color. A stencil could be used instead. A boat would look well—say, one of these galleons with the bone in her teeth. An Indian head would be great if the painter had a bit of artistic ability. As this bookcase is designed for a boy's room, we'll keep away from pansies and sprays of mignonette. The inside of the small cabinet at the bottom is finished in orange shellac. The bookcase is attached to the wall with wood screws.



The Bookcase

and has the advantage of speed in drying. Some beautiful colors are possible on good grains. Gray, green, walnut, oak and mahogany are some which give splendid results.

HARRY I. SHUMWAY
Governor-in-charge,
Y. C. Experimental Laboratory,
Wollaston, Mass.

A Valuable Reference Book

"How to Work with Tools and Wood"

Published for the Home Workshop

By the Stanley Rule & Level Plant, New Britain, Conn., 179 pp. \$1.00

THE book is intended to serve as a guide to beginners in woodworking and to the home carpenter in his bits of repairing and tinkering around the house. The author has found much pleasure in owning and using a "chest-full of good tools." In this process he discovered that except for a few fundamental principles there was nothing difficult or mysterious in doing a good piece of joinery. It is his desire to pass this latter discovery along to those interested, particularly to those who have always felt that they had no ability or skill for this work.

A very good chapter is given over to the sharpening of tools, the text being well illustrated with pertinent cuts. Another good chapter is "More about putting things together," an excellent article on the various types of wood joints and how to make them. The cuts in this section are excellently descriptive.

In connection with the volume we have examined several of the so-called "Stanley Plans." Of these there are no less than twenty-five, each obtainable for 10 cents in stamps. These plans are all of unusual excellence. They are quite complete and give full description of materials used, sizes required, etc.

Any Member of the Lab may purchase this volume through the Director's office, 8 Arlington St., Boston, by inclosing \$1.00, which will be forwarded to the Stanley Rule & Level Plant. The plans are likewise obtainable in similar fashion at 10 cents each. The list of these is as follows:

The Magazine Holder

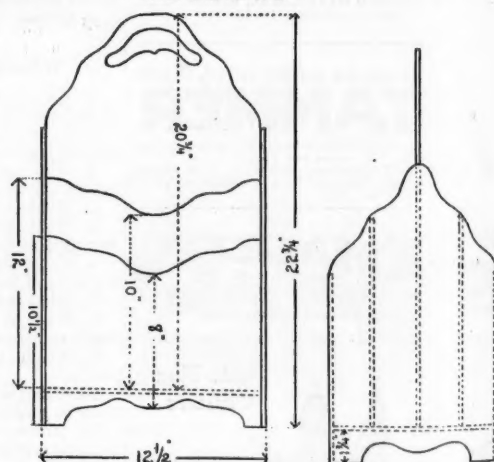
The Magazine Holder

The Magazine Holder

THE magazine holder can be built of any of the ordinary woods; the $\frac{3}{8}$ in. gauge is about right for thickness, as it looks more graceful in a thin wood. If the grain is attractive, it can be varnished or finished in shellac. The one shown here was made of $\frac{3}{8}$ in. Plylock, a veneered wood of wonderfully attractive grain which your hardware dealer undoubtedly carries. A walnut-oil stain was rubbed in, and then two coats of shellac brushed on. In case soft pine or white wood is used, it can be enameled and a bit of decoration applied in stencil or free hand.

There are only eight pieces in the construction, two side pieces, a bottom and five crosspieces, forming the four compartments for magazines. It measures $22\frac{1}{4}$ in. high by $12\frac{1}{2}$ in. wide by 10 in. deep. The pieces are sawed out with a fret saw or a keyhole saw. The pieces are sanded and then nailed together with 1-in. brads. The hand loop in the middle section is bored out at the ends with a bit and then finished with a keyhole saw.

If veneered wood is used, it can be shellacked, or an oil stain applied and then shellac applied. Murphy's plain or clear Quick Drying Lacquer makes a fine finish, too,



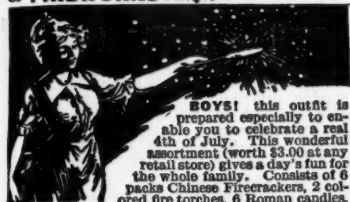
Sketch plan of the Magazine Holder

- | | |
|--------------------------|--|
| 1. Book rack | 14. Sewing cabinet |
| 2. Candlestick | 15. Cedar chest |
| 3. Pipe rack | 16. End table |
| 4. Flower box | 17. Tea wagon |
| 5. Table lamp | 18. Model sailboat |
| 6. Toy automobile | 19. Flat-bottom row-boat |
| 7. Sconce | 20. Combination kitchen seat and step-ladder |
| 8. Dinner gong or chimes | 21. Garden seat |
| 9. Bird houses | 22. Garden trellises |
| 10. Dog house | S70. Small tool chest |
| 11. Book stand | S71. Large tool chest |
| 12. Smoking cabinet | S72. Workbench |
| 13. Kitchen cabinet | |

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Celebrate "4th of July"

Get this Assortment of FIREWORKS Only \$2 Safe and Sane



BOYS! this outfit is prepared especially to enable you to celebrate a real 4th of July. This wonderful assortment (worth \$3.00 at any retail store) gives a day's fun for the whole family. Consists of 6 packs Chinese Firecrackers, 2 colored fire torches, 6 Roman candles, 1 Aerial Report, 1 colored star mine, 6 boxes sparklers (10 in a box), 36 pieces of penny snakes in grass boxes, 1 can colored fire burna R. W. B., 1 piece Dragons Nest, 12 American Bang Salutes, 12 pieces nigger chasers, 12 pieces grasshopper, 12 pieces of ruby lights, 12 pieces Yip Yapa, 12 pieces "Sun" Pin Wheels, 12 pieces assorted Dipped Sticks and Punk for lighting. All complete in a neat wood box. You can't beat it for variety, quantity, quality and price. Order now—don't wait. Fireworks cannot be mailed. Name your express office. We ship same day. Our booklet of celebration goods free. Send for it also. Remittance must accompany order.

BRADLEY NOVELTY MFG. CO. Cincinnati, Ohio
1800 Ella Street

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CRAFT LEATHERS,
COMPLETE WORKING PATTERNS,
CONSTRUCTION AND DECORATING TOOLS
FOR MAKING
BEAUTIFUL, USEFUL ARTICLES

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Graton & Knight Company
WORCESTER, MASS.



INTO the woods with a reliable Taylor Leedawl Compass in your pocket! No fear of lost trails or missing landmarks. The Leedawl will guide you safely home.

If you are a "hiker" or Boy Scout this Leedawl should be included in your equipment. Price \$1.50. If your dealer cannot supply you, we will send you one upon receipt of price, plus 10c postage.

Taylor Instrument Companies
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Better Boats

At Lower Prices

Inboard and Outboard

Motor Boats, Canoes,

Rowboats and Dinghies.

Catalog Free! Save

money—order by mail. Please state kind of Boat you are interested in. Two big factories. Prompt shipment.

THOMPSON BROS. BOAT MFG. CO. (INC.)
215 1st St., WISCONSIN, U.S.A. 11300 N. CORTLAND
NEW YORK

The Sharpest, Safest AXE

for Boys' Use
When you camp, hike, hunt or fish, take along a
MARBLES Safety Axe
in your belt or pocket. Keen edge, fast worker.
Safety shield folds back into handle. No. 6 Wood
Handle, \$2.25; No. 2 Steel Handle, \$3.25. Write for Catalog.
MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 628 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich., U.S.A.

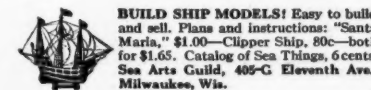
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Tires, sundries at Factory Prices. Write
today for catalog and marvelous offers.

MEAD Cycle Co., Dept. W-51 CHICAGO



BUILD SHIP MODELS! Easy to build
and sell. Plans and instructions: "Santa
Maria," \$1.00—Clipper Ship, 80c—both
for \$1.65. Catalog of Sea Things, 6c. See
Arts Guild, 405-G Eleventh Ave.,
Milwaukee, Wis.

MISCELLANY

(Continued from page 383)

19. What is the name of the present governor of New York?
20. What famous missionary to Africa is also known as one of the greatest explorers of the interior of that continent?

A BEST TRICK OF THE WEEK

TWO KINDS OF FRUIT

LAY a lemon and a pear upon the table. Tell a person to hold one in each hand. While your back is turned, the person must hold either the lemon or the pear to his head for a few moments. Then the hands are to be placed side by side on the table.

Looking at the fruit, you can immediately tell which one was chosen and held to the head—the lemon or the pear.

The fruit has nothing to do with the trick. Any objects may be used, but you should stress the ones you use so as to divert attention from the secret.

The hands tell you the story. When one hand is raised to the head the blood leaves it, and it becomes quite white, and the veins become small. With one glance you can tell which hand was held to the head.

THE RULING PASSION

LANDLADY: "Eight o'clock, eight o'clock."
Auctioneer (sleepily): "Who'll make it nine?"
—Virginia Reel

ANSWERS TO QUESTIONS

1. Thomas Jefferson. 2. Egypt. 3. The old Jacobite toast to the mole that dug the hole into which the horse of William of Orange stepped, thus throwing his rider and causing injuries that led to his death. 4. The Po. 5. Job. 6. Plymouth Rock, Rhode Island Red, White Leghorn, Wyandotte, Brahma. 7. The power necessary to raise 33,000 pounds one foot in one minute. 8. The Kremlin. 9. Platinum. 10. 98.4° Fahrenheit. 11. The American Indians. 12. Bern. 13. (a) Robert Louis Stevenson (b) Jules Verne. 14. Symphonies. 15. The thistle. 16. They used letters of the alphabet. 17. Because, since alcohol freezes at a lower temperature than water, a mixture of alcohol and water will not freeze until a temperature of approximately zero Fahrenheit is reached. 18. St. Andrews, Scotland. 19. Alfred E. Smith. 20. David Livingstone.

THE Y. C. BLUE RIBBON LIST

"THE Talking Newsreel," which reproduces sounds as well as images, had its first public demonstration recently at Roxy's Theatre, New York. It was almost uncanny to see General Stewart, superintendent of the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, the 125th anniversary of which was the subject chosen for the first talking newsreel, step into the picture and begin to talk. Then followed the manual-of-arms by the cadet corps. The audience heard the crisp orders, the rattle of the guns and the playing of the famous West Point Band as plainly as if they were actually on the parade ground.

Mr. William Fox, owner of the "Movietone," as the new invention, perfected by Theodore W. Case and E. I. Sponable, is called, predicts that in a few years the present-day news reels will be as obsolete as stereoptical slides are today.

Admirers of Harry Langdon will be amused by his antics in a picture just released by Pathé. This is a typical Langdon farce, "His First Flame." Other good pictures are:

Rookies—Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer
Life in a military training camp humorously presented in a comedy with Karl Dane and George K. Arthur

The Yankee Clipper—Producers' Distributing Corporation
An exciting race between two ocean greyhounds under rival flags to win the prize of the tea trade with China. William Boyd, Elinor Fair

Special Delivery—Paramount
A clean, bubbling farce based upon a secret-service man's efforts to live up to his dad's expectations. Eddie Cantor

The Babe Comes Home—First National
The romance of a baseball star and a pretty girl who launders his shirts. Babe Ruth, Anna Q. Nilsson, Louise Fazenda

Hills of Peril—William Fox
A mysterious cowboy makes war against the lawless element in a wild, unsettled country and restores order. Buck Jones and his horse



Real Baseball Shoes that can't hurt floors!

RUBBER cleats! Just what you need for baseball—or other fun where you run, stop, dodge, jump in places where other boys slip.

Best of all—you can wear these sure-footed shoes right in the house—no marks on the floor, because

those sure-footed cleats are rubber. You get them at the Goodrich footwear dealer's—along with all the other Goodrich Zippys. Be sure you see the Goodrich man.

THE B. F. GOODRICH RUBBER COMPANY
Established 1870—Akron, Ohio
In Canada: Canadian Goodrich Company, Ltd.
Kitchener, Ontario

Goodrich Zippys



A Fishing Adventure

TED, who had never tried any but the ordinary "fishin" pole kind of fishing, went out to the lake one day with Phil and Harry, to watch them bait-cast. He soon found it more thrilling than he imagined any kind of fishing could be.

"Gee," he said to Phil, "this is the real thing! But, say, why does your bait always go so much further than Harry's, although you cast much more easily?"

Phil tapped his rod and reel. "Because of these two. Mine is a Bristol Steel Fishing Rod, and a Meek Reel, and for action, balance and strength there's nothing like them. Believe me, Ted, if you want to know real fishing sport, take up bait casting, and when you do, be sure and get a Bristol Rod, for your fishing rod makes all the difference in the world!"

Phil should have told of his line and the important part it plays in the picture. It was a Kingfisher Silk Fishing Line—the finest that can be bought—the line every true angler wants.

Write for Free Book

Write today for free illustrated catalog describing in full and giving prices of the above tackle. Every fisherman should have a copy.

THE HORTON MANUFACTURING CO.
136 Horton Street Bristol, Conn.



Play Faster—Better

Kent's Olympic Driver is as fine a racket as any player can own. It is strong, speedy, sure in action, well balanced and built for vigorous, professional playing.

Its laminated frame made of selected white ash is oval in shape, rounded both inside and out, the entire body reinforced with walnut. Each side is reinforced with raw hide, and bound with strong white linen. Strung with white or orange best smoothside split sheep gut. An unbreakable and unbeatable racket.

Catalog showing all KENT Models and giving complete rules of the game, sent Free on request.

E. Kent Estate, Est. 1840, Pawtucket, R. I.

Kent's \$15.00
OLYMPIC DRIVER

Other Kent Rackets at your dealers priced from \$5.00 to \$18.00 according to quality. Be sure you get a genuine Kent Racket.

Our Members' Column

Dear Hazel Grey:

This winter I have been at home and have learned to make the "Kennedy Specialties," which are:

1. Nut Bread

- 3½ cups flour
1 cup sugar
1 cup chopped walnuts
1 cup raisins
3½ teaspoons baking powder
1½ teaspoons salt
1 teaspoon cinnamon
1 teaspoon clove
2 cups milk
2 teaspoons vanilla

Mix ingredients in order given. Let rise 30 minutes. Bake in slow oven.

2. Brownies

- ½ cup butter
1 cup sugar
2 squares Baker's chocolate (melted over steam)
2 eggs unbeaten
½ cup chopped walnuts
½ cup flour
¼ teaspoon salt

Cream butter and sugar together, add remaining ingredients, and spread on buttered tins. Bake about 30 minutes in a moderate oven. Cut in squares while warm.

3. Shortcake

- 2 cups flour
3 teaspoons Royal Baking powder
4 tablespoons shortening
¼ teaspoon salt
1 tablespoon sugar
1 egg mixed with ½ cup of water

Sift together flour, baking powder, salt and sugar. Add shortening and mix in thoroughly with steel fork. Add beaten egg with water slowly to make soft dough. Half fill large greased muffin rings which have been placed on baking pan. Bake in hot oven (475°) 10 to 12 minutes. If no rings are available, roll or pat out on floured board to about ¼ inch in thickness; cut with large biscuit cutter, first dipped in flour. Place on slightly greased pan and bake as above. These shortcakes split and buttered or not, as desired, filled with fresh slightly crushed and sweetened strawberries and topped with whipped cream, are delicious. Other fruits or hot creamed chicken or mushrooms can be used. (Omit sugar unless shortcakes are to be used with fruit.)

(This recipe is from the Royal Baking Powder Cook Book.)

HELEN KENNEDY, 20, N. Y.



Dear Hazel Grey: Here is an enterprise for those who love to wander in the woods.

Secure two smooth boards of the same size—mine measure 13½ inches by 9½ inches. Next find two skate

straps to hold them together. Now you have a flower press!

After obtaining a large sheet of flexible white paper, cut it into pieces the same size as your press. These are to be put between the flowers as they are picked, for to carry them home would allow them to fade and spoil. Do not strap the press too tightly. Lay the flowers in it in a natural position. After they have remained thus for two or three days take them out and mount them.

Do not use blotters to mount them on, as they would dry too quickly and get brown. White drawing paper (9 by 12 inches) folded in the middle is best. Cut out a rectangle at the top of the left-hand sheet of the cover. Write the name of the flower on the top of the opposite page so that it will show through the cut-out. Next arrange the flower under the name, using gummed paper cut in fine strips to hold it to the page.

A life history of the flower is written on ruled paper and pasted on the inside of the cover on the opposite side.

DOROTHY KNIGHT, 17, Mass.



Our Keystone Pin of Gold and Blue

Our aim: greater knowledge, skill and happiness through enterprises which lead to successful achievements

Return to Hazel Grey

The G. Y. C., 8 Arlington St., Boston

Dear Hazel: I should like to know (you may check one or both):

...How to become first a Corresponding Member, then an Active Member and finally a Contributing Member of the G. Y. C. by myself and how to win the pin and all the advantages of a Member of the G. Y. C.

OR

...How to form a Branch Club of the G. Y. C. with several of my best friends and to win the pin and all the advantages of Corresponding, Active and Contributing Members for us all.

(Please Print Clearly in Pencil)

My name is.....

I am.....years old.

Address.....

The G. Y. C.

"The Girls of The Youth's Companion"—Join now!

Fashions for the Young Girl

Do you always look your best?

NOW that up-to-dateness and style depend so largely on one's choice of individual clothes—and clothes, at their best, are a lovely harmonious background for personality—we are quite wise and not a bit vain in trying hard to analyze ourselves. And it is *hard*, isn't it? But if you are wise and study yourself, you will soon find that it is easier and easier to look into your mirror and decide whether or not you are choosing and wearing clothes with lines and colors that are bringing out every good point you possess—and doing away with any and all of your less attractive ones!

To choose your clothes properly, it will help you to study an "average human figure," for that offers the finest example of pleasing proportions. All costumes down through history which have been considered most beautiful are those which have conformed to the lines and proportions of the body.

The simplest and most satisfactory way to study your figure is with a human-proportion chart. You can make your own by tacking a piece of plain paper against the wall, with the lower edge of the paper even with the floor and the upper edge extending above your head. Stand against the paper and get some one else to draw around your body *very* carefully.

Your "head length" is the length from the top of the skull to the base of the chin; and this is the unit you will use as a measure in dividing your outline on your chart into head lengths as shown in the illustrated chart.

When you have made your chart and measured it off with your own head length, compare it very carefully, first, with the average girl's figure, Chart I, Table I, and, second, with the height, weight and age charts. Then classify your figure as (a) average, (b) short and stout, (c) short and slender, (d) tall and stout, or (e) tall and slender.

This study will also help you in determining irregularities such as sloping shoulders, large bust, narrow chest, large hips, high or low waist line. When you have thoroughly studied your own chart you will have a new understanding to help you in the correct use of "line in dress," and you can better apply your knowledge of your own individual type in approaching, as nearly as possible, the ideal appearance of the well-proportioned average figure.

When you are making this study of yourself it is a good plan to check up on posture. The "debutante slouch" is not a help to charm or style! And good posture is not easy—only 5½ per cent of the freshman class of 315 girls at one of our large Eastern colleges this year had "A" posture when they entered! Standing correctly is essential from the standpoint of

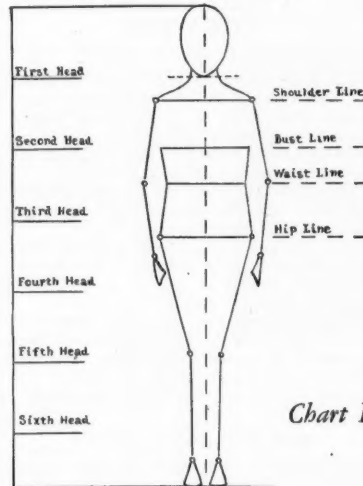


Chart I

Table I. Average Proportions

Length	
Length from top of head to soles of feet...	6½ heads
Length of head from top to base of chin...	1 head
From base of chin to shoulder line...	¾ head
From base of chin to fullest part of bust...	1 head
From fullest part of bust to waist line...	¾ head
From waist line to widest part of hip...	¾ head
From widest part of hip to floor...	3½ heads
Width	
Shoulders across widest part...	1½ heads
Bust across fullest part...	1½ heads
Waist...	1 head
Hips across widest part...	1½ heads

health. Without it you cannot hope to have poise or to look attractively dressed.

MARGIA HAUGH, Head of the Clothing Division of the Department of Home Economics, Simmons College, and G. Y. C. Expert Adviser.

A chart will help you to apply other helpful fashion hints that Miss Haugh will give us. A detailed method of making the chart and helpful hints about the correct method of standing will be mailed to you if you send a stamped, addressed envelope for them.

HAZEL GREY
8 Arlington Street Boston, Mass.

Height, Weight, Age Chart—Table II

Weight-Height-Age Table for Girls of Twelve to Eighteen Years, Without Shoes or Heavy Wraps

Height (inches)	Average wt. for height (lbs.)	12 y'rs	13 y'rs	14 y'rs	15 y'rs	16 y'rs	17 y'rs	18 y'rs
50	58	62						
51	61	65						
52	64	67						
53	68	69	71					
54	71	71	73					
55	75	75	77	78				
56	79	79	81	83				
57	84	82	84	88	92			
58	89	86	88	93	96	101		
59	95	90	92	96	100	103	104	
60	101	95	97	101	105	108	109	111
61	108	100	101	105	108	112	113	116
62	114	105	106	109	113	115	117	118
63	118	110	110	112	116	117	119	120
64	121	114	116	117	119	120	122	123
65	125	118	120	121	122	123	125	126
66	129		124	124	125	128	129	130
67	133		128	130	131	133	133	135
68	138		131	133	135	136	138	138
69	142			135	137	138	140	142
70	144			136	138	140	142	144
71	145			138	140	142	144	145

(Chart prepared by Baldwin and Wood.)

Average Height and Weight of Girls of Nineteen and Twenty Years

Height (inches)	19 y'rs	20 y'rs	Height (inches)	19 y'rs	20 y'rs
58	98	102	66	129	130
59	103	107	67	131	133
60	109	112	68	135	137
61	113	115	69	138	140
62	116	118	70	141	143
63	120	121	71	145	147
64	123	124	72	150	152
65	126	127			

(Chart prepared by Thomas D. Wood, M.D. The weights given in this chart are a trifle lower than those given by other authorities.)

A Dainty Dressing-Table

G. Y. C. Workbox Enterprise No. 41

WHEN the spool bed was finished, we longed to add a dressing-table to the little G. Y. C. House bedroom. A modern dressing-table was quite out of the question, of course!

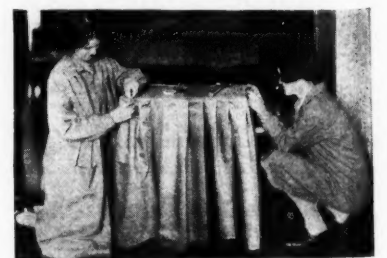
Many a quaint and lovely table has started its life as a packing-box—why not ours? We purchased a strong box from our neighborhood grocer for 50 cents. It measured 25 by 24 by 16½ inches. When we had carefully knocked out the bottom and the frontside of the box we found the table would have to be still higher; so we bought some pieces of wood from the Y. C. Lab, cut them into four even lengths measuring 29½ inches and nailed them inside each corner so that the box stood 30 inches high.

To cover the box we began by padding the top with three folds of unbleached cotton left from the ironing-board cover. Then, with 3 yards of 36-inch saten we were ready to drape the table. A piece measuring 26 by 17 was first cut from one end to cover the top, and this was tacked on smooth and straight with tiny brass-headed tacks. A ¾-inch hem around the remaining piece of saten made it come just above the floor when it was tacked around the top edge of the box in even plaits.

Point d'esprit covered the saten; this came 72 inches wide, so that we needed but 1¾ yards to cover the front and make the little frills. The top frill, 3 inches wide, was made with a ¼-inch bottom hem and a 1-inch turnover at the top. The top section measured 13 inches with a 3-inch frill, and the bottom section 12½ inches with a 4-inch frill. The top frill was



sewed to the saten top rather than tacked, so that the point d'esprit may easily be laundered. A piece of glass, double thickness, cut at the hardware store to fit the measurements of the table top, added greatly to its appearance. When Lucille cut two pieces of linen 5½ by 10½ inches and one piece 10½ inches square, pulled the threads, did a double border of Italian hemstitching around them, and slipped them under the glass, the table looked finished!



An oval mirror from the second-hand store was the final addition. When bought, its mahogany stain harmonized with nothing in the room. Varnish remover to take off the stain, sandpaper to finish the process of getting down to the smooth, bare wood, and then two coats of black enamel paint such as that used for the bed were applied to it. Two knobs at either side were done with gold paint, and so our finished mirror matched our bed and chair. We hung the mirror by a gold-silk-covered picture cord. The knobs from which it was hung were made with old wooden drawer pulls, also gilded.

Finishing the dressing-table—with the gold-and-black bed and chair, and round rag rug—brings the little G. Y. C. House bedroom nearer and nearer to looking like a successful achievement. Watch for the next addition to the bedroom—perhaps the most charming and original of all!

LETITIA VALENTINE

CHILDREN'S PAGE

Jane and Betty's Garden. II.

EVERY morning after Jane and Betty had planted their garden, they went out to see whether the seeds had come up. But for two whole weeks they didn't find anything. Then it rained for two days. And the next morning after that, when they went to look, sure enough, fuzzy little plants had begun to appear in rows across the garden. There were stiff spikes of onion, and curly rows of tiny pale green lettuce, and purplish rows of beets. The radishes and peas and spinach were all showing too, but not a sign of anything in the rows marked "carrots!"

"What," they asked Mother, "do you s'pose has happened to the carrots?"

"Oh, they'll come up," she said. "Carrots are always slow. But, since the other things are up, I think we can make the second planting today."

Out came the rakes and garden line in a hurry, and they all worked busily until they had planted two more rows of every vegetable, and two rows of the beans which they had been saving. Then they planted a row of morning-glories along the fence and a border of zinnias all round the edge.

"It will be a beautiful garden," said Jane. "I just can't wait to see it!"

"I have a fine surprise for next week," said Mother.

WHAT do you suppose it was? Six baby tomato plants from the greenhouse! The following week they set these out three feet apart in the very last two rows of the garden.

"Now the garden is finished," said Betty. But, dear me, it was only just begun!

Mother showed them how the little plants were coming up so close together that they wouldn't have room to grow big.

"You have to pull up the extra ones," she said, "so that the plants left in your row are about three inches apart."

They did this one day right after a rain, when it was easy to get them out. Then Mother brought out the cultivator, which Betty said looked like a "scooter" with two handles. They pushed it up and



Jane and Betty used the cultivator every few days—if any weed appeared between the plants, they pulled it out with their hands

down between the rows, to dig up and loosen the earth. This kills the weeds and keeps the soil soft, so that the tiny roots of the vegetables can push through it easily.

Jane and Betty used the cultivator every few days until the plants were large and strong. If any weed appeared between the plants, they pulled it out with their hands. So they kept their garden very neat and clean.

They were busy there nearly every day through May and will be all this week and next. The carrots and zinnias had to be thinned when they came up, and the second planting of vegetables had to be taken care of. But they were well repaid for their work. By the end of May they had lettuce and onions and radishes all ready to be put into a salad for Daddy's dinner. The other vegetables were looking strong and big, and the pea vines had crowds of white blossoms on them.

These soon dropped off, leaving long pods which by the end of June will be filled with peas ready to be picked. By this time, too, they can pick spinach—enough for several lunches. What they put in place of these vegetables which were pulled up and used will be in the story about their garden next month.

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

DO YOU BELONG TO OUR GARDEN CLUB?

Time counts! Write to me today if you have a little garden of your own or are planning to have one and would like to try for a prize as a member of The Youth's Companion Garden Club.

8 Arlington Street

THE GARDEN CLUB LEADER

Boston, Mass.

Nuts & Crack

1. MISSING LETTERS.

T H S B R G H T
C H L D S F R S
T N F N S H N G
W R T N G N K

If the proper letter is inserted where necessary among the letters given above, the result will be a sensible sentence.

2. TRANSPOSED SYLLABLES.

In each of the following couplets two syllables are missing from each line. The second lines contain the same two syllables as the first lines, but in reverse order. (Example: Keep Up; Up-keep.)

He killed a down the lane
With sharp blows from his cane.

Those away from Dakota
To get to in a car.

Though he can't talk, the finds
Men can rule s with their minds.

Before the they heard calls
From sentries outer walls.

3. RIDDLE

I am a word of four syllables. My first refers to a parent, my second to an ancient pistol. My third can be defined by "like." My fourth is a form of transportation. My whole belongs to France. What am I?

4. DOUBLE ACROSTIC.

When the following words are correctly guessed, the first and last letters will each spell the name of something that is very important for baseball teams.

1. Ownership. 2. An assembly. 3. A kind of nut. 4. A bone of the leg. 5. Imitating. 6. Senseless. 7. In no way whatever.

5. COLONEL PUZZLER.

Colonel Puzzler set out with a body of cavalymen to be posted as guards on bridges. When he came to the first bridge he left a man at the approach, then left half the remaining men on the bridge, and one man at the other approach. He did the same at each of the four bridges, and found he had exactly enough men. How many men did he take with him at the start?

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES

1. There were four persons at the party. The mother of the bride had just previously married the father of the groom. The father was the minister, and the mother the witness.

2. End, Endless, Send.

3. C. Pop, Armet, Prepare, Companion, Peanuts, Trite, Eos, N.

4. Catacombs.

5. Colonel Puzzler simply observed the time that it took the dirigible to pass the flagpole, and this was the time it took to go its own length, one-twelfth of a mile. From this the speed is easily reckoned.

APPLE-TREE TIME

By Nancy Byrd Turner

EVERY bird knows the blossoms have come,
Apple-bloom pink and apple-bloom white;
Many a bough for many a home,
And leaves that stir in the lovely light.
Oh, the joy of the blossomy weather!
All good birds are singing together—
Many a tune and many a rime
In praise of apple-tree time!

All the world knows the blossoms are here;
Winter was long, and branches were gray;
Now it has come to the turn of the year,
And every twig has a bright nosegay.
Oh, the shine of the blossomy weather!
All glad hearts are singing together—
Many a tune and many a rime
For joy of apple-tree time!

DID YOU EVER!

By Janet Tooke



Illustration by Janet Tooke

Did you ever hear of an elephant
Sitting upon a throne,
Dressed in wonderful fur-trimmed robes?
Was such a thing ever known?

When did he live, and whereabouts?
Who were his subjects, pray?
What kind of food did he have to eat?
What kind of games did he play?

If you ever hear of such a thing,
I hope you will let me know,
And put his address in your pocket-book,
And find out the way to go.

For if ever there was an elephant
Such as I've asked about,
I'd like to meet him, and say "How-do!"
Some day when he isn't out.

Keeping the Family Bond intact—

BY teaching the children to play the piano when young—by encouraging their love for good music and plenty of it, a closer family union is sure to result. There is an intangible something about the mere presence of a piano in a home that lends charm and friendliness to the surroundings.

In selecting a suitable piano for your home, whether it be an Upright, a Grand, a Player, or a Reproducing Piano—there are distinctive features about the Jesse French & Sons Pianos that warrant your investigation. Write for our Illustrated, Descriptive Booklet and details of our Deferred Payment Plan. We will tell you where to procure a Jesse French & Sons Piano or will arrange to ship direct from our factory.

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Sent to Your Home for Three Months' Free Trial

When you receive this splendid high-grade machine, you may use it continuously for the entire trial period. Then if you are not completely satisfied we will refund your money and take back the machine at our expense. That's how confident we are that the New Companion will meet your highest expectations.

We Pay Freight Charges and Give A 25-YEAR GUARANTEE

which is backed by the Publishers of The Youth's Companion. Complete attachments make it possible to do the finest tucking on sheer material, braiding, ruffling, hemming, heavy quilting, etc.

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Gentlemen: I want to know more about the New Companion. Send me your new illustrated Descriptive Booklet, also FREE TRIAL OFFER and explain the ATTRACTIVE TERMS upon which I can purchase. It is understood that this places me under no obligation to purchase unless I so desire.

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This is The Last Month of Our Big Anniversary Series

The Time Is Flying

Secure Your New Subscription Today, Before It's Too Late

June 30, the closing date for the entire Anniversary Series of special offers, is fast drawing near. Don't fail to take advantage of this last and biggest value-giving event of the series. Secure one new subscription, send it to us today and you may choose your own premium from this page of June specials. You also have a chance to win a big gold prize by writing a letter for the June "Best Letter" contest. Remember—THIS IS THE LAST MONTH!

NOTE: Premiums are given only to present Companion subscribers in payment for new subscriptions that introduce The Youth's Companion into homes where the magazine has not been taken during the past twelve months.



The Popular Eastman Hawkeye Camera

The Hawkeye is one of Eastman's most popular models and is designed especially for young people. With it you can make the most amusing and interesting snapshots, which you'll want to keep all your life. It's easy for anyone to take good pictures with this camera, because it requires no focusing or estimating of distance. Has a carefully tested lens and reliable shutter always ready for snapshots. The Hawkeye is Eastman-made and uses Eastman N. C. films. The entire camera is made of metal, covered with seal grain imitation leather and is practically indestructible. Takes pictures $2\frac{1}{4} \times 3\frac{1}{4}$ inches. Negatives are of a quality that yield good enlargements.

A coupon entitling the receiver to one year's subscription to Kodakery, a magazine for amateur photographers, will be included free with every camera.

USUALLY given for one new subscription and 40 cents extra, but —

DURING JUNE ONLY

The Eastman Hawkeye Camera will be given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription, WITHOUT ADDITIONAL MONEY.



Get your new subscription today and earn "Big Bang" in time to celebrate the 4th of July.

Celebrate With Safety

"Big Bang" cannot explode, neither will it set fires nor cause injury of any kind. The ideal safe and sane toy, endorsed by safety committees of leading cities.

Uses No Powder

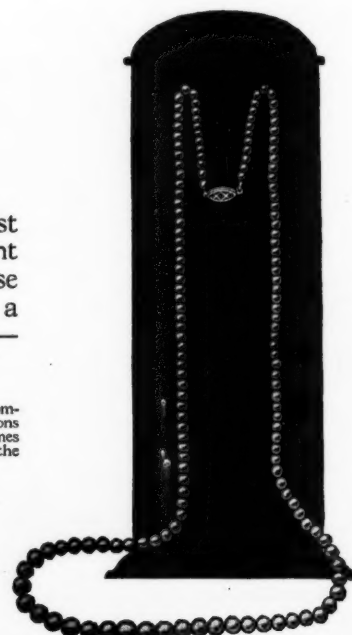
Just the cannon every boy wants, to play military games and to celebrate the 4th of July. "Big Bang" operates on a new principle and is approved by parents because it uses no powder. The ammunition is "Bangsite" and ordinary water. Just load it, close the breech, push the firing-pin and off she goes with a flash and a roaring bang. Has a well-constructed all-metal tilting body and a black gun-metal finish with large red heavy-duty artillery wheels. Length over all — 11 inches. Comes with complete instructions and enough ammunition to fire 200 shots.

Under our regular terms the "Big Bang" cannon would be given for one new subscription and 75 cents extra, but —

DURING JUNE ONLY

"Big Bang" will be given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription and 25 cents extra. (Add postage for a four-pound package.)

Omar Pearls Come in Dainty Gift Box



Omar Pearl Necklace

The fascination of pearls dates back to forgotten history, but never has this fascination been more truly expressed than by the creation of Omar Pearls. We are offering a lovely quality of cream white Omar Pearls that have a fire and orient equalled only by the deep-sea gem itself. No other jewel so well expresses tenderness and romance — or brings such lasting pleasure.

Omar Pearls are finely graduated, washable with soap and water, guaranteed indestructible. They are mounted with a sterling silver safety clasp set with a brilliant, and are encased in a blue leatherette box lined with white satin. Each string bears the Omar seal, a sign of matchless beauty and quality, and should not be confused with cheap destructible bead pearls. You may have your choice of the dressy 24-inch length or the popular 15-inch choker style.

USUALLY given for one new subscription and 60 cents extra, but —

DURING JUNE ONLY

The Omar Pearl Necklace, choice of 15 or 24-inch length, will be given to any Companion subscriber for only one new yearly subscription, WITHOUT ADDITIONAL MONEY.

The Pride of Old Spain

No illustration could do justice to these superbly modeled Book Ends that typify the majesty of Old Spain on the high seas. Every well appointed living room should have them.



Ship Book Ends Antique Green Bronze Finish

These attractive Book Ends are cast in the shape of Spanish Galleons, like the ship models so popular at the present time. They are made of metal with antique green bronze finish. The bases are covered with brown felt to prevent scratching. They are $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches high and 4 inches across the base. In perfect keeping with the dignified furnishings of a library or living room, and a most attractive ornament for desk or table. A very desirable premium.

USUALLY given for one new subscription and 40 cents extra, but —

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Show prospective subscribers that at the new low price of \$2.00 The Youth's Companion costs less than 4 cents a week